VOGUE

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HOW THE NEW LOOKS IN FASHION WORK FOR YOU

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BEAUTY: THE HAIR YOU CAN DO WITHOUT— AND HOW TO DO IT

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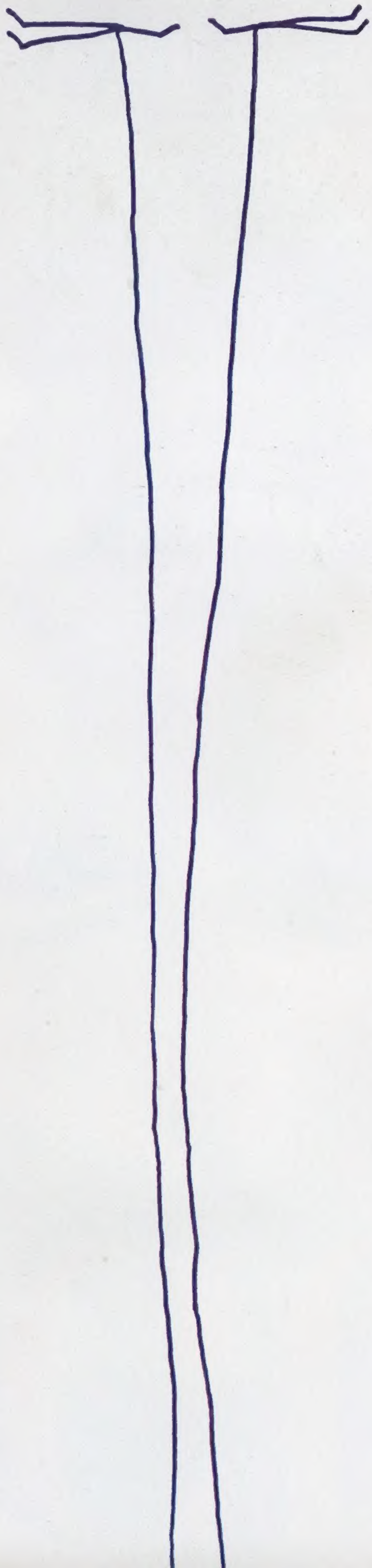
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VOGUE

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ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Cover: Red-hot and white—swingy little plaid coat to wear everywhere, everyday—let the rain and sun just beat on its windowpanes. Bill Blass for Bond Street; Onondaga acetate and silk. About $120. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; Frederick & Nelson. . . . Red-hot and terrific: eye-opening news from Polly Bergen—Super Luxe Lashes; here Rich Brown flutters of upper and lower lashes and an extra strip to snip from, all on invisible bands. Polly Bergen make-up. Coiffure by Carita.

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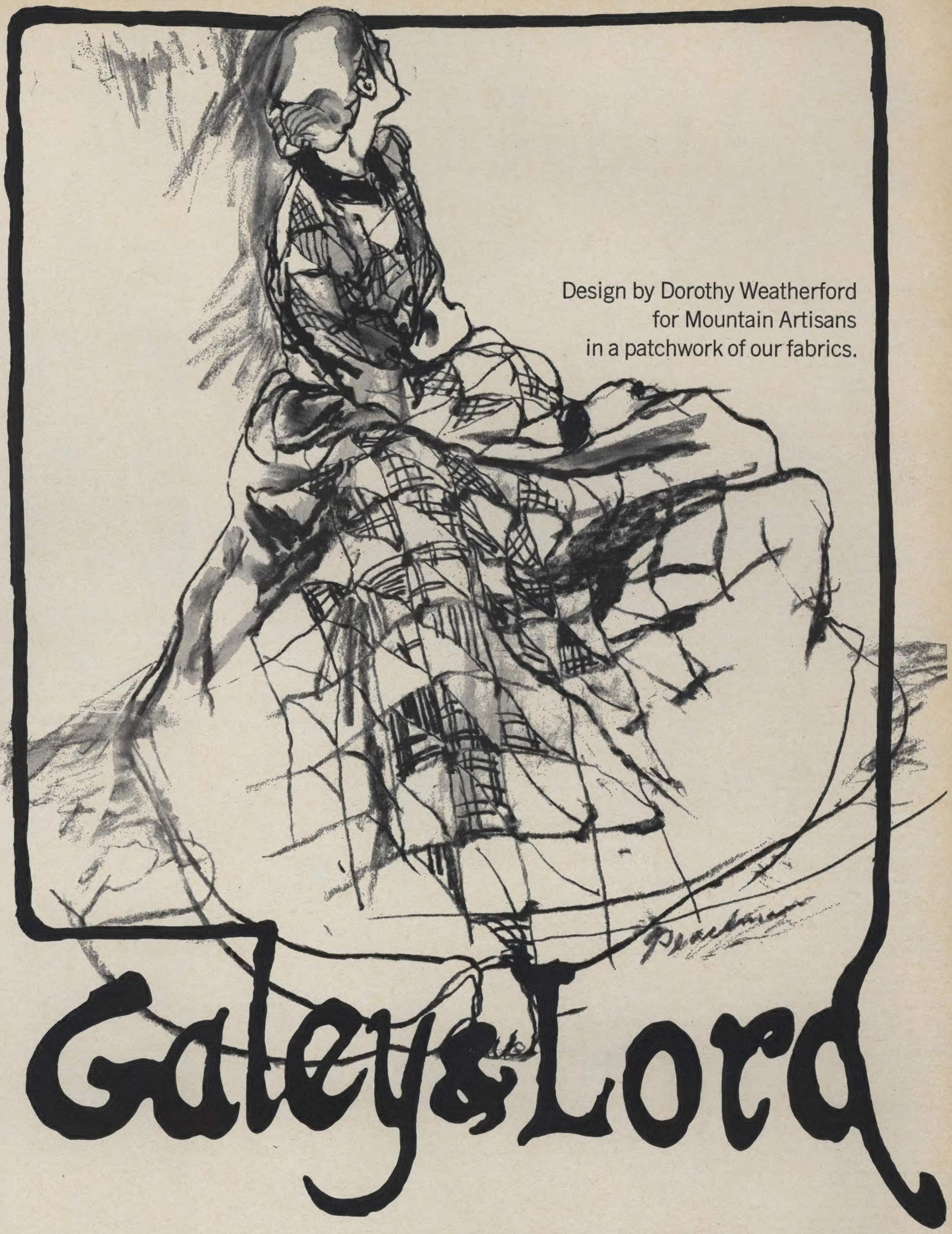
Andrea lashes out at the eye makeup removal ritual

Try this new slick trick with a quick stick



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Miss Magnin is a Continental flier. She's the girl on the go. And when every minute counts, she counts on Continental's "Sonic 360"—the ultra electronic system which confirms her reservations instantly. Then it's off and away, wearing her Ban-Lon® pants tunic of Du Pont nylon in a multi-hued print (also available in solids). One of the Dalani Collection at Miss Magnin designed by Ilse Smith. 6-16 sizes. 76.00

JACK COWLEY

CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX

I. MAGNIN



"One of the things I love about shopping in Rome is being able to buy the most delicious fresh fruit from my favorite street vendor."

This is the heart and core of Eve of Roma's philosophy of beauty. To *care* for the skin assiduously—keeping it healthy, vibrant and radiantly young-looking, and so creating the most *naturally* beautiful look ever seen. Eve herself developed a totally unique—and totally simple—skin care programme in her famous Salon in Rome: a mecca for beauty-conscious and worldly women from Europe, America and Asia.

Women like Donna Donatella Rollo. "I'd be lost without Eve of Roma's remarkable skin-care and makeup preparations. I can't start the day without her Cleansing Emulsion, for example. It leaves my skin feeling so fastidiously *clean*."

Donna Rollo loves to mountain-climb with her husband and three active children. They also ski and swim *en famille*, which accounts for her sun-kissed golden look all year 'round. Because she has a glow of her own, Donna Rollo uses a very light makeup which lets her own natural radiance shine through. Though she is tanned, a delicate pink and white sort of beauty remains.

You can find Eve of Roma skin preparations and cosmetics at hand-picked American stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale's, Marshall Field, Livingston Brothers, J. W. Robinson, and Stix, Baer & Fuller. Can you wait another day to try them?

"A skin that's properly cared for just naturally has a glow all its own."

Eve OF ROMA

Donatella and her son converse in the garden. "I believe in being close to my children."



Donatella adores fresh-picked flowers from her garden, and is known for her imaginative flower arrangements.



Donatella Rollo leaving the Eve of Roma Salon, at 116 Via Veneto, after her weekly "beauty trip."



There were Cream Makeups in the World. But none sheer enough to be called: Eve of Roma...until now!

Announcing... New ROMAN GLOW Cream Makeup.

The problem has always been to create a makeup which maintains the famous Eve "sheer, natural" look, combined with flawless coverage…the look that made her Via Veneto Salon so famous. New ROMAN GLOW Cream Makeup is "The *Uncover Cover*"…a one-step cream makeup that performs near miracles… sweeps a sheer veil of flawless coverage over your skin…*covers* tiny flaws and imperfections …*uncovers* a look that is young, natural, dewy-fresh because it's laced with precious moisturizers to keep a woman's skin radiant and resilient every moment she is wearing it.

ROMAN GLOW Cream Makeup comes in six flattering shades, each as natural as the warm Italian sun. Available in America wherever Eve of Roma skin preparations are sold.

E EVE OF ROMA
116 Via Veneto, Roma

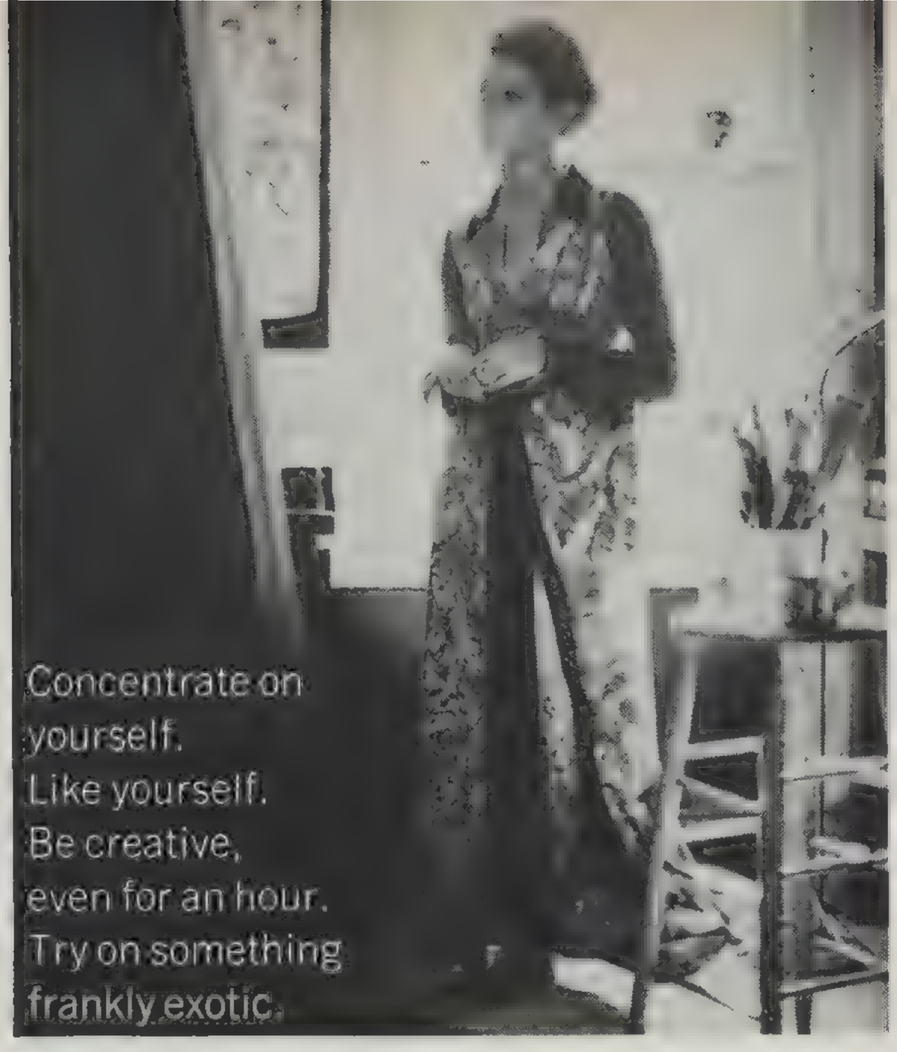
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LIVING



Get up early.
Have more plans than necessary.
But first, be involved in his day.
Bolster his ego.
Wear the Adele Simpson dress
that flips neatly as you stride out
Discover the great day blazer.











In the Adele Simpson fashion



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Supership. The TWA 747 that came bolting in with the seventies. Incredibly long, high and handsome. More room to sit, more room to stand, more room for camaraderie. Quiet-gliding luxury that we at S.F.A. chose to emulate in our TWA 747 Designer Boutique Collection with its affinity for this new kind of travel ease. Extra-relaxed and extraordinary things to wear on flight and when you get there. Here, fittingly set out against the TWA 747 horizon, a pindotted navy coat companioned with its own paisleyed silk dress, $240. From our Boutique Donald Brooks.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



TWA 747—your own style of relaxation

A super-handling of space. Enough room to walk and talk. Or stay seated, dial a movie or your kind of concert on the Comfort Control panel. Ask for pillows or napping robes. Another in-flight pleasure, our jetty black-and-white piqué print margined with ribboning, $110. From our Oscar de La Renta Boutique.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



TWA 747—individuality in every pleasant way

Designed for your convenience, because on the TWA 747 the passenger comes first. Seven gourmet kitchens aboard, bar service throughout the flight. A snack buffet when flying International. Travelling with the S.F.A. kind of ingenuity, a mock jumper of big checks on tiny checks in a flourish of polished cotton. From Beene Bazaar, $165.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



TWA 747—a great arrival, and departure

In and out. On and off. Jetspeed ease, heading up the spiral stairway to the lounge, or your baggage arriving moments after you land. For those hours of flying leisure, a diagonally-tracked pantsuit of blue-and-white cotton, with its blouse that's sleeveless and hooded, $240. From our Boutique Donald Brooks.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



TWA 747—serving up comfort, at your request

The most extensive-and-elaborate comforts ever offered. Wider, adjustable, air-cushioned seating, twin aisles and sky-high ceilings. Overhead bins for your carry-on things. Meals anytime you say. And a full measure of shirtdress softness, in beige rayon-and-cotton plissé circled with suede and brass. From Beene Bazaar, $110.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



TWA 747—an impressive view from any angle

A new experience. A lofty change of pace. Refreshments and hors d'oeuvres in the TWA 747 penthouse lounge, a first-class atmosphere for getting to know one another. An eye-catching way to look, this rick-racked cotton piqué with its matching stole, $110. From our Oscar de La Renta Boutique.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



NOW UNDERTHINGS THAT SHOULDN'T BE UNDER.

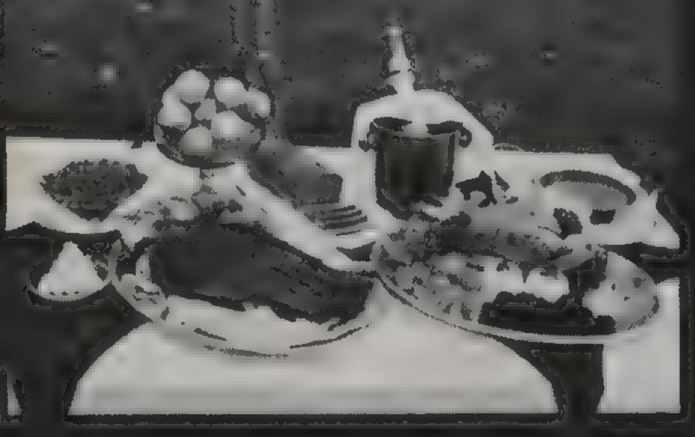
A bra rippled with lace for looking romantic. Or a mere bit of a bra for looking sexy. A body shaper, (called Once-Over®)† that's one stroke of a Lycra® tricot blend. Once-Over, écru, $10. See-through bra, écru, white, $6. Bodice bra, écru, white, $7.

The Sea Dream® Collection
by maidenform®

†All nylon tricot. Body: Nylon, "Lycra" Spandex. Exclusive of decoration.

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FINLAND...
FOR
A CHANGE
OF PACE



FINNAIR



John meyer of Norwich designs in TAMPELLA* fabrics

Design belongs in Finland. From the richly endowed forests and lakelands come beautiful designs with nature as their source. MARJATTA METSOVAARA evokes the colors, shadows and patterns found deep in the nature of Finland with her designs expressed in Tampella fabric. John Meyer of Norwich interprets her textiles into a softly gathered beach dress, worn over a bikini. Dress $16. Bikini $18.

BURDINE'S
MIAMI

*TAMPELLA fabrics distributed by P. B. Textiles



FINLAND...
FOR
A CHANGE
OF PACE



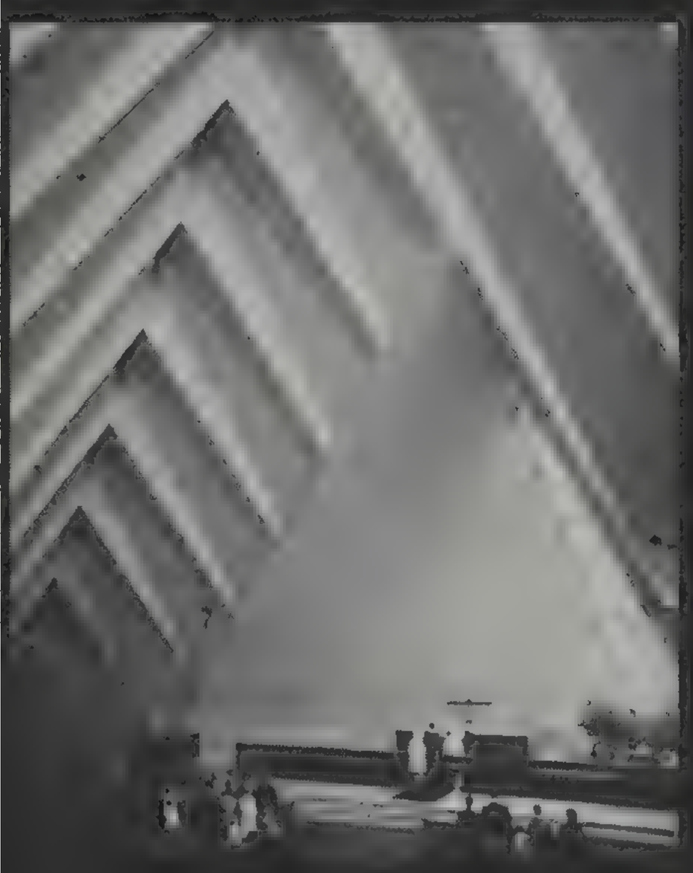
FINNAIR

John meyer of Norwich designs in TAMPELLA fabrics

When you step on board Finnair, you'll sense that design is a natural part of every environment in Finland. Finnair whisks you away in harmonious surroundings—your first taste of the beautiful design to come. When in Finland, wear fashion inspired by nature's own design in Tampella fabric interpreted by John Meyer of Norwich in a voile shirt and belted shorts. Shirt $13. Shorts $15.

B Altman & Co
NEW YORK

FINLAND...
FOR
A CHANGE
OF PACE



FINNAIR



John meyer of Norwich designs in TAMPELLA* fabrics

Away from the man-made patterns of daily life, MARJATTA METSOVAARA works closely with nature to create beautiful designs in Tampella fabrics. To create a supple shirtdress in pure colours, John Meyer of Norwich turns to beautiful impressions of Finland expressed in Tampella. $30.

The Denver
DENVER

*TAMPELLA fabrics distributed by P. B. Textiles



FINLAND... FOR A CHANGE OF PACE



FINNAIR

John meyer of Norwich designs in TAMPELLA fabrics

Because Finnair recognizes that MARJATTA METSOVAARA'S fabrics so beautifully represent the best of Finnish design, all seats on board are covered with her textiles in a range of blues. Relax into the idea of blue. You'll be seeing more and more of it. Finland is dotted with islands, punctuated with lakes. John Meyer's wrap dress of Tampella fabric is a wonderful way to travel. $30.

RICH'S
ATLANTA

FINLAND...
FOR
A CHANGE
OF PACE



FINNAIR



John meyer of Norwich designs in TAMPELLA* fabrics

Design is a way of life in Finland. Finnish people express harmony with their landscape by creating designs that echo the beauty seen everywhere. Cities seem to grow from the soil, houses are designed to be as one with their environment. John Meyer of Norwich designs a caftan in a print by MARJATTA METSOVAARA that echoes the beauty of Finland in Tampella fabric. $27.

DONALDSONS
MINNEAPOLIS

*TAMPELLA fabrics distributed by P. B. Textiles



FINLAND... FOR A CHANGE OF PACE



FINNAIR

John meyer of Norwich designs in TAMPELLA® fabrics

Finnish design translates all the wonders of nature into a beautiful airplane interior. Finland is reflected in the distinctive glassware, in the choice of fabric, in the silver emblems worn by Finnair's hostesses and stewardesses . . . and in their friendly attentive service. Finnair flies such fine design—like this soft shape dress in Tampella fabric by John Meyer of Norwich. $24.
All fashions on these pages available at all stores.

HUDSON'S
the Woodward Shops
DETROIT



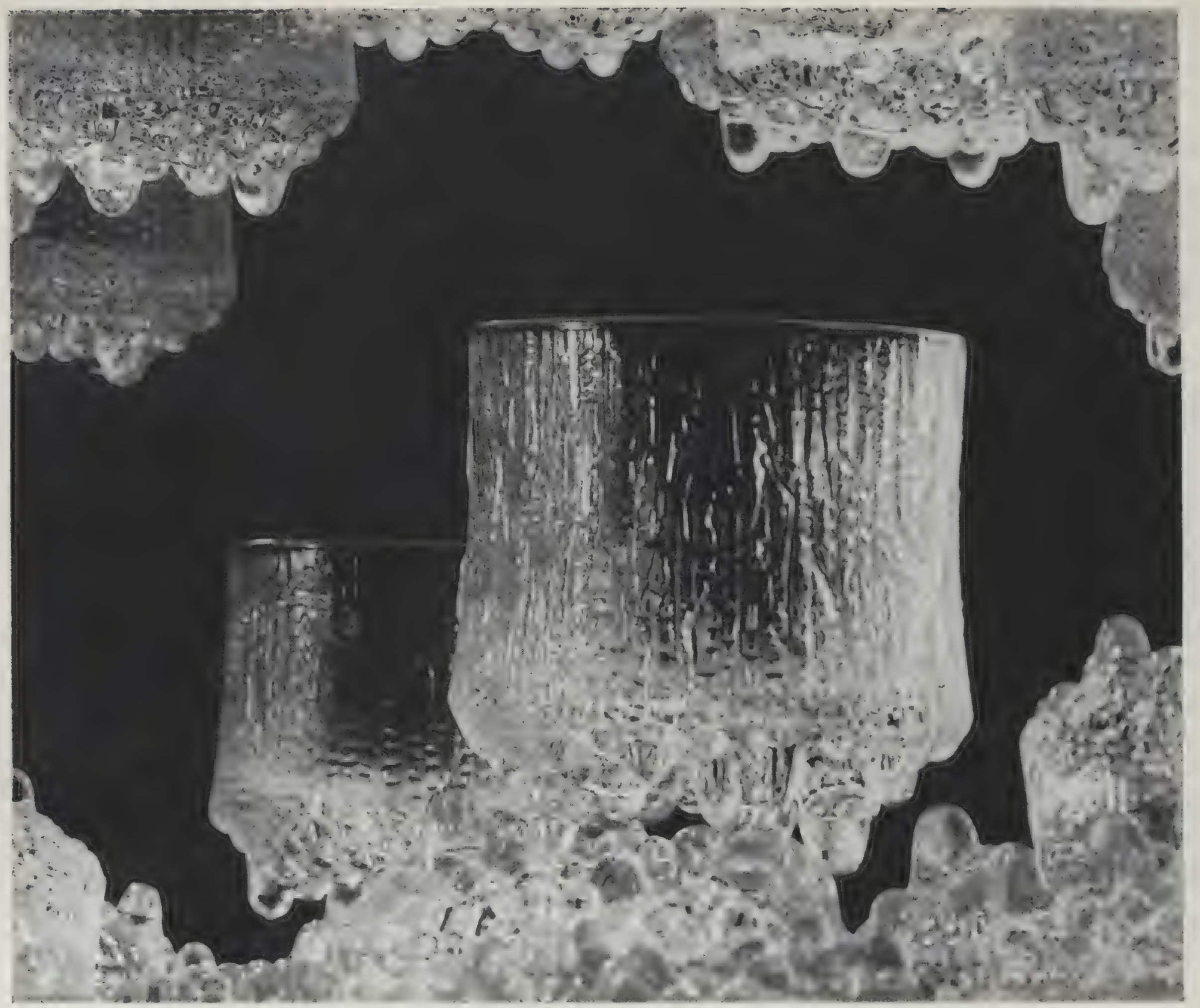
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How to make a mother feel like a woman.

She runs the house, raises the children, consoles, comforts, and coddles. Which sometimes makes us forget she's a woman. She is.

And so, on occasion, she's also entitled to dazzle men and make her women friends green with envy.

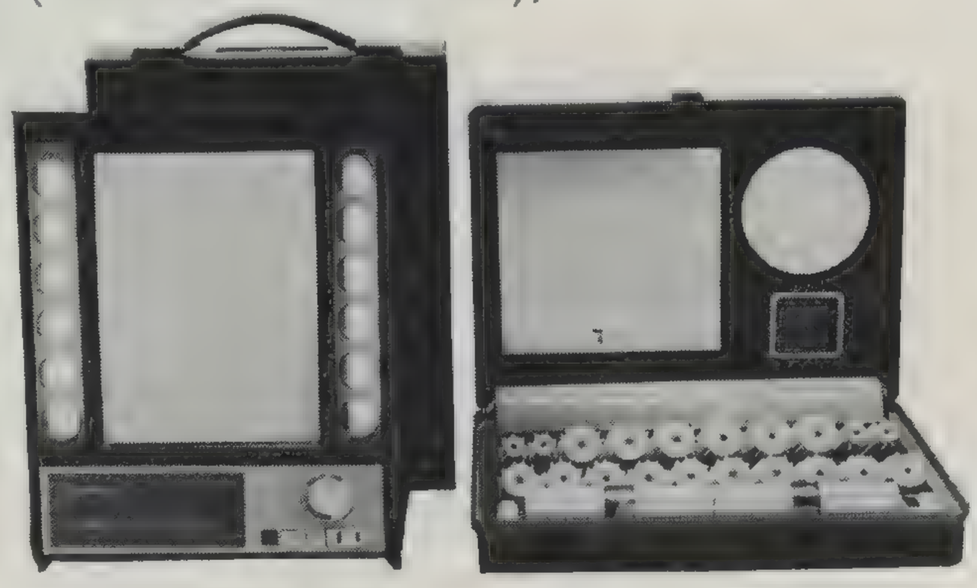
To help you help her do it, may we suggest:

The Carmen Enlightened* Mirror, which has 3 different kinds of light for her to make up by—Day, Office (or fluorescent), and Evening light. Which make it easier for her to look her best whenever, and (since it comes in a travel case), wherever.

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In any case, you'll be letting a very special mother in your life know that you know the very special woman she is.



Carmen Enlightened Mirror Carmen International Hairsetter

Carmen®Beauty Products. Because mothers are beautiful people.

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With Finnair and Kirsti Fashions



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Carson Pirie Scott & Co
CHICAGO

DISCOVER FINLAND...
LAND OF NATURAL BEAUTY
With Finnair and Kirsti Fashions

Kirsti®

Finland is for Nature Lovers...
Where else can you find 60,000 beautiful lakes? And much of the country is covered with dense forests, rivers and mountains—ideal for sports or just getting away from it all. Inspired by nature, Kirsti designs a sleek body suit in brilliant chiffon velours with contrasting zip-front.

RICH'S
ATLANTA

DISCOVER FINLAND...
LAND OF ADVENTURE
With Finnair and Kirsti Fashions

FINNAIR

Kirsti®

Your Finland adventure begins when you board one of Finnair's superb flights from New York. And it doesn't stop there—once in Finland, you can take advantage of the special $80 rate for two weeks of unlimited domestic air travel. For unlimited fashion possibilities—Kirsti's lush chiffon velours top-and-pants turnout in mix-or-match colours.

HUDSON'S
DETROIT

DISCOVER FINLAND...
LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN
With Finnair and Kirsti Fashions

Once you have traveled to Lapland, you'll understand its enchantment. Herds of reindeer, breathtaking sunsets, vast forests, snow-covered mountains—all are part of Lapland's mystique. Great looks in the midnight sun—Kirsti's laced jumpsuit of rich cotton velours. Also part of the Kirsti sportive look: striped velours dress, stunning alone or over pants.

HIGBEE'S
CLEVELAND



DISCOVER FINLAND . . .
A COSMOPOLITAN COUNTRY
With Finnair and Kirsti Fashions

Explore Finland's intriguing cities: Helsinki, Tampere, Tapiola, Lahti, where natural beauty and design blend in perfect harmony . . . all this and more via Finnair. Great Finnish fashion finds, all of chiffon velours: Kirsti's fun-loving dress of many stripes; dashing little zip-dress—a great turnout over pants.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS



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THE COUNTRY WITH A DIFFERENCE
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HAIR YOU CAN DO WITHOUT

(Continued from page 122)

harmless. And it's easier, cleaner, if you follow these rules. *Never shave dry.*

Wet hair is easier to cut. . . . Use a *clean, sharp razor*—and definitely *not* your husband's discarded blades. Coated stainless-steel blades give more shaves-per-blade, but even they do not last indefinitely. . . . *Wiping a blade dry* dulls its keen shaving edge. Simply loosen razor and rinse with hot water, shake, and drain. . . . *Shave legs upward with long, even strokes.*

Although you can shave with plain warm water and toilet soap, *shaving creams and lathers offer extra benefits* by lubricating the skin and keeping the all-important water from evaporating. For instance, The Hot One, a remarkable self-heating shave cream by Gillette, reaches a temperature of 150° F. within seconds of leaving the nozzle that foams it forth. It wilts hair faster than regular cream, so you can start shaving sooner. . . . Shimmy Shins Feminine Shave Creme, a flower-scented pink aerosol fluff by Alberto-Culver, not only sets the hair up for easier removal, but assures some deep-down skin conditioning at the same time. . . . Clairol has Ultra Smooth, a cosmetic shaving cream that treats and silks skin with added oils and emollients, before, during, after shave. . . . And Zsa Zsa Ltd. has in the works Delicate Shave Creme, a gumdrop-scented matter that you can see clear through, know what you're up to on your legs.

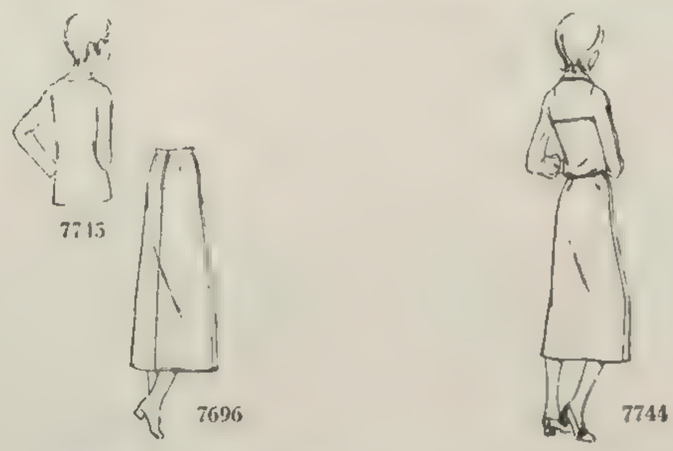
ELECTRIC SHAVERS may not do as close a shave as a blade, but they offer less possibility of nicking and the operation is generally more convenient. Shavers designed specifically for women differ from men's in daintier contours and special considerations for female legs and underarms. Pre-shave lotions help remove perspiration, which interferes with optimum action by electric shavers. The Lady Sunbeam Deluxe Shaver has a double-edge slanted shaving head, a built-in light, a pop-up head for easy cleaning. Remington's Lady-Go-Lightly lights up, too, and a slide action switch adjusts from underarms to legs.

CHEMICAL DEPILATORIES do their hair job by softening and dissolving the hair shaft. Since they do not disturb the hair root, they do not prevent regrowth. They take longer than shaving—from 10 to 15 minutes to work on some areas of underarms or legs, but results last slightly longer because the hair's re-

(Continued on page 38)

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 84-85; other views, yardages, details)



Above left: Wrapped midi skirt and shirt. Shirt, Vogue Pattern 7745. Sizes 6 to 14. For size 10: 1⅞ yards of 45-inch fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 7696. Sizes 23- to 29-inch waist. For size 24-inch waist: 2¼ yards of 45-inch fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10.

Above right: The midi shirtdress. Vogue Pattern 7744. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 dress: 5 yards of 45-inch fabric. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

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HAIR YOU CAN DO WITHOUT

(Continued from page 34)

moved closer to the surface of the skin. They're designed primarily for arm and leg hair, and should not be used on the face unless the product's label so specifies. Even then, keep them away from eyes and do a patch test for sensitivity first. "Hair and skin are similar in composition and any compound that has a destructive effect on the hair will also affect the skin to some extent," dermatologists Norman Orentreich and Robert A. Berger have warned.

Most cream depilatories have lost their bad-egg odour of old. Dorothy Gray has a pleasantly-scented one for arms and legs: Better-Off Cream Depilatory. Better-Off For The Face is accompanied by an antiseptic finishing cream to be left on for ten minutes after depilation. . . .

Helena Rubinstein's Nudit is fragrant with roses and comes in two versions, one for the face, one for the arms and legs. In the package with the facial de-fuzzer is Super Finish Cream.

Elizabeth Arden's Sleek plays double rôles, is said to be safe for the face as well as the arms and legs. . . . So, too, Bu-To from England, a new floral-scented cream depilatory which incorporates an anti-allergy agent. And Nair, a hair-removing lotion.

WAXING is one of the venerable methods of temporary hair removal. A thin layer of melted wax is applied to skin, allowed to cool, then quickly stripped off, tearing the hair away from, but not destroying, the roots.

Because the hairs are plucked out below the surface, just above the papilla (root), the results from waxing are longer lasting. It generally takes several weeks for new growth to become evident.

Most waxing goes on in beauty salons, but there are home kits. Among warm waxes: Elizabeth Arden's Ardena Electra Wax Eradicator, which is ideally followed by Ardena Afterwax Cream. . . . Dorothy Gray's Depilatory Wax comes in its own little refillable aluminum melting pot. . . . Zip Epilator by Jean Jordeau arrives in a bland green soap-like bar.

COLD WAXES require no heat—no waiting to harden. Ella Baché offers her Cold Wax three ways: one for arms and legs; a facial kit; Quick Strips, which are waxed to strip off longer hair and very good for the traveller. . . . A La Nue, a golden cold wax by Marie Ganée, whips hair off with pretty-printed cotton.

ABRASIVES are another time-honoured way of dealing with excess foliage. Hairs are first cut level with skin. The area, well-lathered with soap and water, is then gently rubbed with a fine pumice stone. "Daily use of the pumice stone," we read in *The Medicine Show* by the editors of *Consumer Reports*, "will prevent hair from appearing above the skin."

Baby Touch (3 sandpaper-y mittens—$1.25) are sold to remove hair on arms and legs. Directions instruct you to stroke with a circular motion on thoroughly dry skin.

Abrasive devices have the advantage of being inexpensive and of possibly removing hair closer to the surface of the skin than does shaving. Among disadvantages: they're somewhat tedious—and can upset the skin if rubbed too vigorously. . . . "It is possible that the hair growth may become less coarse or dense after years of using a pumice; however, this procedure can not be considered a permanent method of hair removal," Drs. Berger and Orentreich advised.

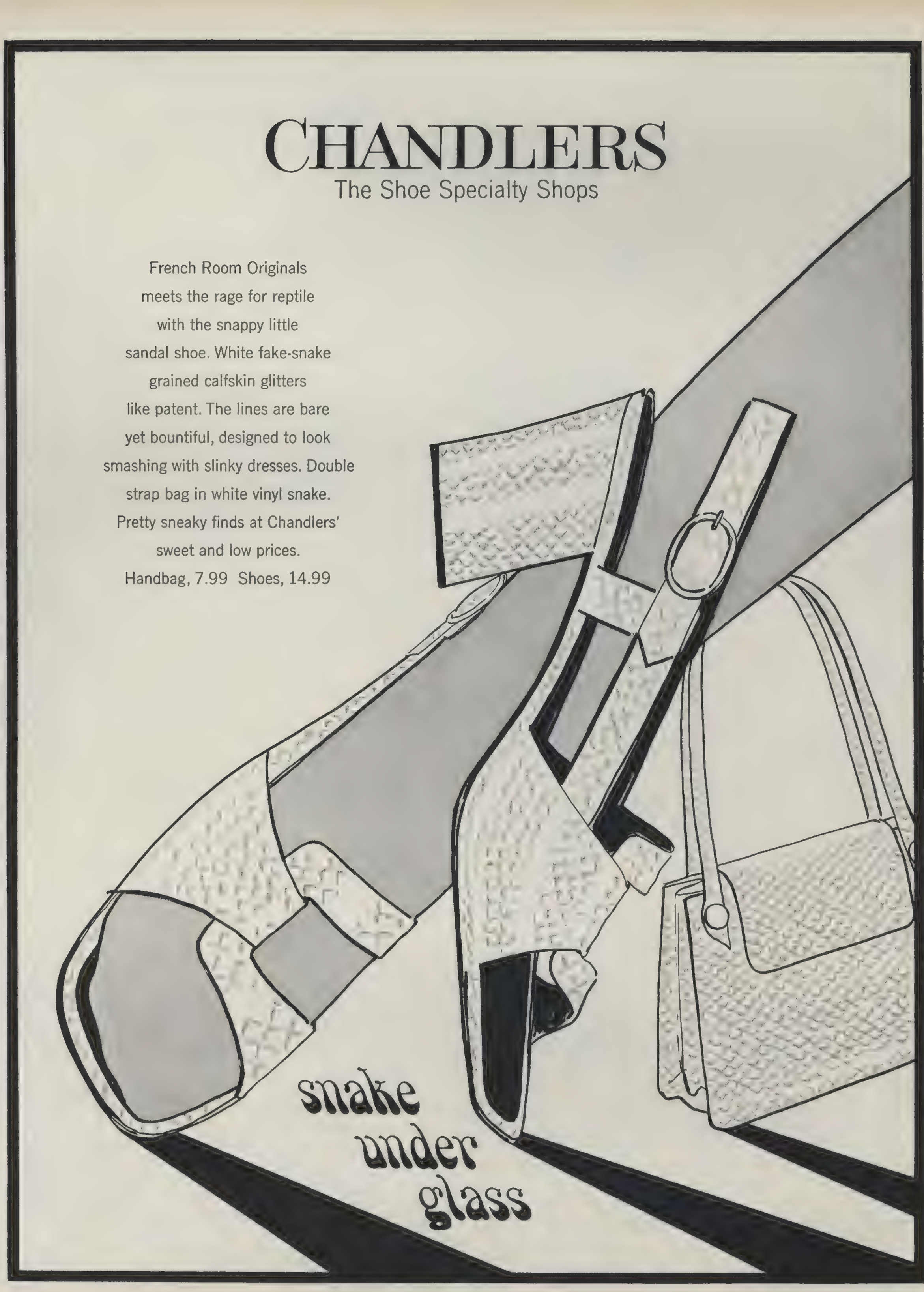
TWEEZING: Among other methods of coping with unwanted hair is plucking with tweezers, obviously only practical for scattered hairs on face and chest. "Plucking may be somewhat painful, but has no other adverse effects," said Drs. Berger and Orentreich, who also point out that "It is interesting to note that women do not hesitate to pluck eyebrow hairs but believe it is harmful to pluck hairs elsewhere." Re-plucking is required in anywhere from two to twelve weeks, depending on density and speed of growth in a given area.

(Continued on page 54)

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Holiday for skins

You don't have to take your beauty balms travelling but who ever really accomplished anything beneficial staying at home? The daily discipline on which good skin, if not the spirit, thrives, is lots easier to take when you're lolling about somewhere lush. To make the taking fun, Dorothy Gray provides a snappy, new, flat white pack holding no fewer than seven of her moistureful Secret of the Sea preparations. All geared to work together for the skin's greatest good—from cleansing cream to freshener, masque to body lotion. And all as fragrant and fresh to smooth on as a summer breeze. On your way, Miss Gray.

Dew-gooders

All this chatter about women being sensitive plants is, after all, quite valid—and plants, poor loves, are incredibly touchy. Give a geranium more than a quick slosh twice a week, and it packs up and withers, whereas ferns are radiantly happy only when wet at all times. Those green-thumbed window-gardeners at Fabergé have constructed their new Xana-Dew complexion care on the pragmatic premise that every skin needs moisture according to its own setup, and consequently one skin's moisturizer is another's misery. Whence three different densities of Xana-Dew, a velvety-pink lotion compounded with Xtract X which, as Fabergé explains it, is a uniquely balanced equation of animal, vegetable, and mineral derivatives. Ask for Xana-Dew X, XX, XXX, depending on whether you have young, adult, or panic-button-dry skin.

Scrubs—spring cleaning for a face

Put aside, for the moment, those lists of painters and decorators. More important: the face. How to refinish it and repair the ravages of winter—all the flakes and flaws, the chapping and weathering, that can accumulate at this time of year and give the skin too much of a lived-in look. Luckily, this kind of repair work is quick, easy, readily at hand. Grainy little rub-on substances scour the skin, take off the troubled outer layer, and let the glowing skin-under-the-skin come out in the open—fresh, clean, shiny-new. Freer of small annoyances like blackheads. Circulation up and doing. Face almost resurfaced. And the whole idea such a good one that many kinds of scrubs are around. Some famous ones come in dry grains to mix with water: Beauty Washing Grains by Helena Rubinstein; All Clear by Du Barry; Cleansing Grains by Dorothy Gray. Newer are the scrubs-in-cream: 7th-Day Scrub Cream from Clinique, to use once a week; Natural Wonder Soft Scrub from Revlon, medicated; Polly Bergen's appetizing Scrub—crushed almonds and honey, along with Oil of that Turtle. All, full of rewards for the flaked-out faces of smart women, and men....



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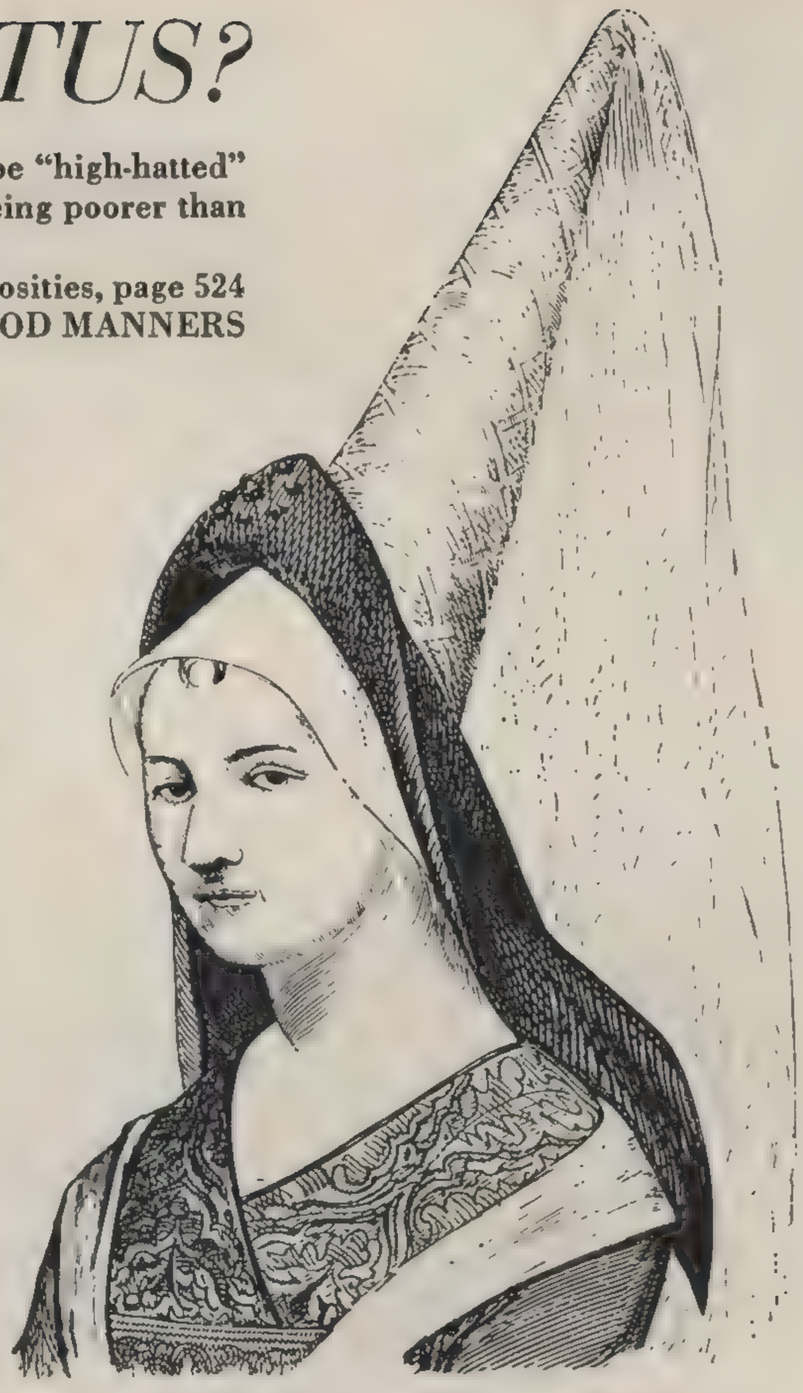
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From Customs & Curiosities, page 524
VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS



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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

APRIL 15

Chocolate gets paroled

Teen-agers, hear this! The time-honoured bugaboo of all acne-prone adolescents that "chocolate is murder for acne" has just been threatened with extinction by one controlled study. Chocolate may not make you thin—but it won't make your acne worse. This is the delicious finding of Doctors Albert M. Kligman, James E. Fulton, and Gerd Plewig, all dermatologists. They came to this cheering conclusion by testing a largish panel of acne-stricken patients with both real chocolate bars and fake ones (placebos) and kept a very close check on the skin lesions. The result: chocolate was taken off their black list. . . . They also suggested, "It would be remarkable if skin functions were easily influenced by the vagaries of the diverse diets which have evolved in human populations." That *could* mean that acne is acne, and eating habits, if they are at all sane, don't relate. So enjoy. But in moderation. Remember that if you stuff yourself on chocolate, you may develop problems of another kind. Dental. Gastric. Ghastly. . . .

How to become a star in a walk-on part

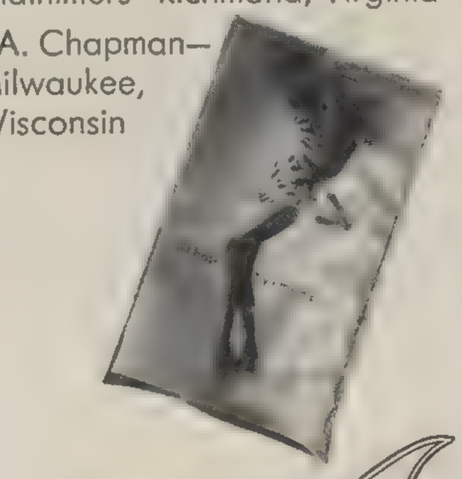
A major contributor to sex appeal not mentioned nearly often enough is a woman's walk. We are not referring to a hip-waggling caricature either, but to that free-floating, sure-footed motion usually associated with the slim, head-laden women in Far Eastern travelogues. A walk confident, feminine, and enormously provocative. A pace which, while it may keep strong men panting to keep up with, looks unhurried, proud, flexible. A good posture is great for a photograph or making an entrance, but how does it move? . . . Now if you want to see a beautiful walk from somewhere *west* of Suez, watch the Portuguese women of Nazaré—basket on head, bare of foot, moving forward in an action so smooth that it is practically *sleek*—and looking as if they weighed about six pounds. All the hip action is forward—never sideways. Even when they dance their torsos are calm, as if they were viewing the world from some lofty, tranquil place. When they do those wild spins called *Viras*—so fast that they make the dancer's image blur—something in them seems to remain controlled and still. . . . The why of this perfect gait? Temple-oriented movements? Esoteric ritual heritage? Absolutely not. The answer to their special grace is: seven skirts. Seven swishing, colourful skirts and petticoats, and the object of the Nazaré game is to make every one of them show—without contorting the upper body. . . . Want to try? Then imagine yourself in seven petticoats (the prettiest one of all, the bottom one), basket on head, only hips moving—and walk. You'll see. . . .

Ears insurance people love

Why pierced ears? As if you didn't know! The insurance people love you. You're not forever leaving one at every telephone you use (along with your right-hand glove). You can wear your grandmother's great danglers without going to the expense of having them altered. . . . But it hurts? And you have to go about for months with a bit of thread or miserable little gold loops hanging from your lobes? Not a bit of it. There is a nice New York man called Mr. Solmor (Solmor Jewelry at 673 Lexington Avenue) who sells, among other very pretty things, earrings in a great variety of styles and prices. Something for everyone in gold and/or stones. Mr. Solmor also pierces ears with great expertise and a little gadget that looks like a staple gun. Zip—painlessly and swiftly your ear is pierced and at the same moment he puts in the earring you have chosen. . . . And then? Nothing really. You leave the earrings in for a month and dab your lobes with peroxide twice a day for the first week. After a month you can either change earrings, or leave the same ones in for another month—by that time people may begin to think they are your trademark. There is no charge for the piercing—it's included in the price of the earrings. . . .



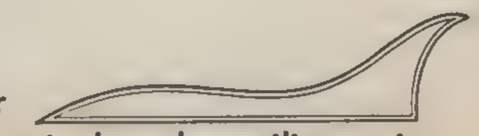
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Hair by Ara Gallant, make-up by Wolf-Jurgen Schmitt, padded bra by Playtex, dress by Herald Boutique, eyelashes by Jurgen, nails by Eylure.

Certain parts of a woman's body just can't be faked.



Women are great deceivers.

They can fake just about anything — hair, eyes, fingernails, etc.

But, there are some things they can't fake.

No matter what.

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Toes, heels, elbows, knees. With Pretty Feet the parts that can't be faked . . . never have to be hidden.

Pretty Feet

THE HAIR YOU CAN DO *WITHOUT*

(Continued from page 38)

ELECTROLYSIS, the only technique that offers reasonable assurance of permanent removal of superfluous hair, goes like this.

A fine wire needle is introduced into the opening of the hair follicle; electric current transmitted down the needle destroys papilla at bottom of follicle, loosens hair for removal. Done properly, there is, at most, a slight burning sensation, there are no ensuing scars, and hair from that particular follicle should never see the light of day again.

Why, then, are women so leery? Probably because of glum experiences either they or friends have had with ill-equipped operators. The operator needs not only skill, but good eyesight, patience, impeccable coordination (and, we keep thinking, a good night's sleep).

How to find this compleat electrologist? Ask your doctor. Many dermatologists have such paragons right on their premises.

Lucille Bouchard in New York is famous for her magic electrological touch. People have been known to go to sleep while she's working on them. One beauty had her eyebrows and face done by Miss Bouchard and reported feeling absolutely nothing, except for a few seconds of prickle on her upper lip. (The upper lip, most popular candidate for defoliation, is also the most touchy.)

Miss Bouchard uses a special machine. "Patients who have tried electrolysis before can tell the difference," she said. "It's an automatic system for removing hair instantly and painlessly and has precision timing control." For Miss Bouchard's own services it's $10 for 15 minutes, $40 an hour; her trained assistants are considerably less. "It's the cheapest beauty treatment you can buy because it lasts a lifetime."

If you're intrepid enough to want to do it yourself: Perma Tweez, a home electrolysis device, has a safety feature that destroys hair root without puncturing skin, either finds the follicle or retracts. About $15, at General Medical Company, Los Angeles.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

No soap Taking a bath just to get clean, in this bare and beautiful age of Aquarius, is in the same glum category as putting on a dress in order to avoid drafts. A really full-bodied soak should mollify the skin, refresh the spirit, scent the air, and stir up the circulation—all of which delights, in addition to super-deep cleansing, are to be enjoyed in Revlon's new Soapless Mineral Bathing Gelée. It's a prodigally rich gel, alive with the vervy Ultima Spring Couture Fragrance, and it's ready to bubble up in the tub, pour onto your sponge, or lather directly on your body while you shower. Bathing Gelée leaves your skin feeling dewy and resilient and young as a baby doll. And fragrant. And clean. Utterly.

Mane event There are days when the more reasons you have to look gorgeous, the less time there is to get gorgeous in. Coping with your hair has just been made incredibly speedy and efficient by L'Oréal, whose fabulous Ultra Rich Instant Hair Conditioner, heretofore found only at hairdressing salons, is now buyable at retail counters all around. Ultra Rich sinks into even the most thankless tangle and promises a bounciness and body, a smooth and shining silkiness that's in to stay until the next session.

Roving eye Getting away from it all doesn't mean All. Not necessities like eye makeup, for instance. You need to look palpitating even on board an elephant. So Eylure of London has organized a superb new compact-kit called Model Eyes, which holds everything and weighs nothing. The compact is made of feather-light plastic in key colours which indicate the shade range inside. The top is nearly all mirror—huge enough to see your whole face—and three eye shadows, cake liner, and mascara, plus two brushes, are neatly bedded in a drawer that slides discreetly back into the case when not in use. Who can resist?

Time balm The fretful muttering among the gents, and for that matter among women, about flaking shins and pebbly elbows has certainly reached the right ears. Toiletries Europa has taken the message to heart—and to lab. Stalwart aid and comfort has just appeared with the label of Tabac Original Body Lotion. It's a creamy-thick liquid, rich with suppling soothers, and it massages into any skin without a trace of messiness. It's redolent of Tabac's crisp, savvy scent, and is thoughtfully bottled in plastic so it can be tossed into golf bags, sailing gear, and rucksacks.

(More Ready Beauty, page 161)



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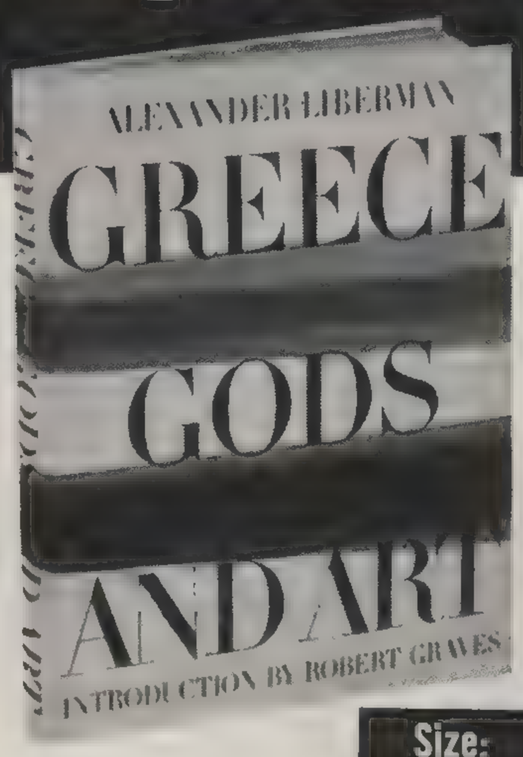
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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

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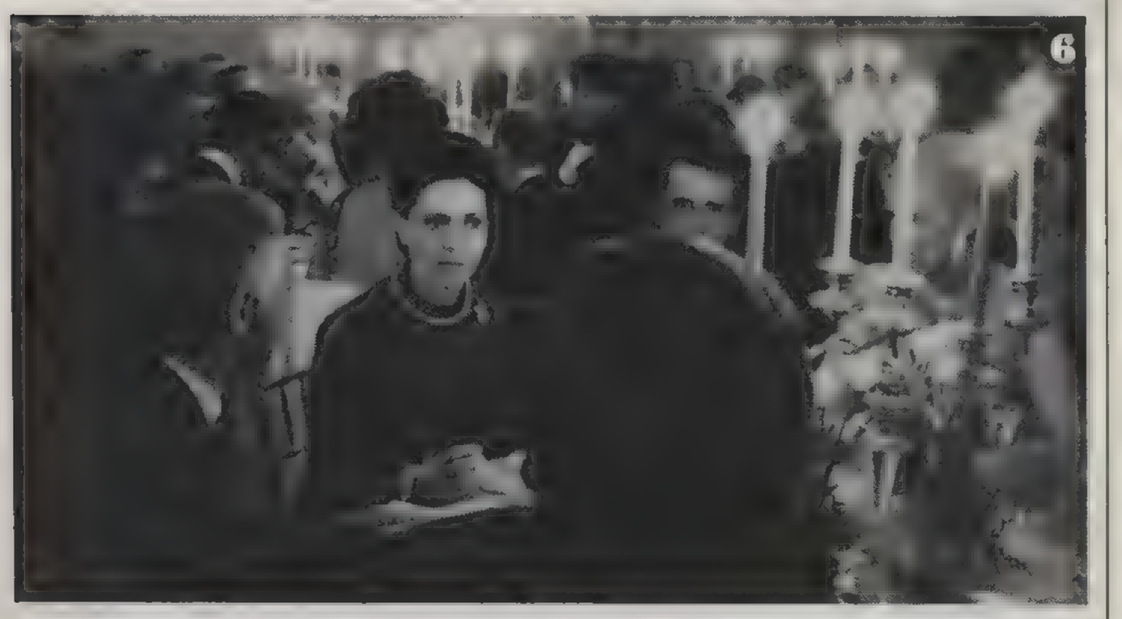




A celebration of Molière played by the Comédie Française sparked a sequence of receptions given by the Consul General of France and Mme. Henri Claudel, in New York. From the theatre, members of the company and whirls of internationals clustered at the French Consulate for dancing, for supper at tables flowered in white tulips.


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1. The Consul General of France and Mme. Henri Claudel. 2. A scene from *Amphitryon*, with the French cast. 3. M. Patrick Ponsollé, Mlle. Marie-Alice Bérard, Ambassador Armand Bérard, Mlle. Monique Bérard. 4. Mlle. Sylviane Tschudin and Miss Lynne Van Voorhis. 5. M. Georges Descrières, who played the rôle of Amphitryon, and Mme. Jean-Hervé Donnard. 6. The candlelit supper with, centre, Mme. Michel Fribourg. 7. M. Jean Vallier, M. Robert Hirsch of the Comédie Française, M. Jacques Henry, Mlle. Winifred Leschbauer. 8. Mlle. Isabelle Homo. 9. Mr. John Pierrepont and Miss Tillie Laird. 10. Mme. Henri Claudel and her daughter Marie-Hélène with, centre, His Eminence Iakovos, Greek Orthodox Archbishop.



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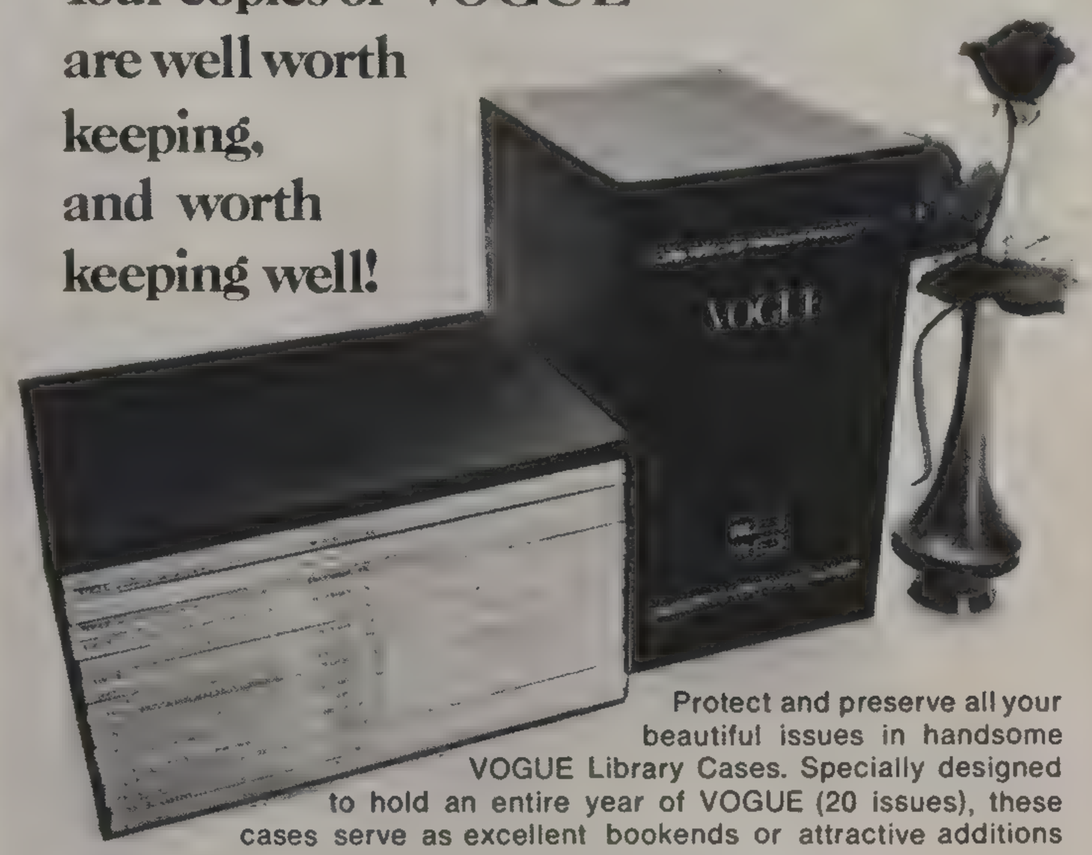
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Fellini Satyricon, "*free confession*"

Satyricon, as Fellini sees it, is a voyage into the unknown, science fiction in reverse, in which he must re-invent the Roman Empire, as Stanley Kubrick invented the twenty-first century in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. It is one of those journeys of which Emerson wrote: "I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from."

Federico Fellini's Rome is a place of apathy and decadence, where art and knowledge have been swallowed up in the pursuit of sensation, where for some, like Trimalchio, the only excitement left in life is to pretend to be dead. It is a time of compulsive hedonism and unpredictable violence, visitations of cruelty, visitations of impotence. It is a time of demonism and fetishism. It is a time awaiting a new revelation. It is a time, Fellini thinks, very like our own. He portrays moral and social disintegration in a series of fantastic episodes. The texture is not that of narration but of dream. Much of the film, indeed, is in semi-darkness. Men stroll through the sex-haunted streets of a depraved city. They watch bloody entertainments. They gorge themselves in gargantuan feasts. The hero is captured by pirates, witnesses the murder of an emperor, plays with a slave girl in an abandoned villa, stumbles through a maze to fight a gladiator disguised as the Minotaur, travels across a barren desert with a sacred albino child. It all ends as casually as it begins.

Fellini, like Ingmar Bergman, is obsessed by that most terrible of subjects: "When the silence of God falls upon mankind!" Also, like Bergman, he is a genius. No director sees more deeply into human faces, evokes more vividly feelings of degradation and despair, searches more poignantly for traces of compassion and love, converts emotion more wonderfully into cinematic image, better understands and commands the medium.

But Fellini is more self-indulgent than Bergman. If he tells us that the Rome of Petronius is an allegory of our own age, he also tells us, "One must not believe too much what I say in my interviews." *Satyricon* derives its undeniable power less from the social parallels between two eras experiencing the death of old myths than from the unbuttoned personal statements of a complex and anguished man. *Satyricon* is an exercise in free confession, a dazzling rendition of private fantasy, an unconstrained release of all the things Fellini sees or imagines or wants or fears. When the hero sprawls defenseless on the ground before the warrior in the Minotaur's mask, he cries out, "Who are you?" What is the threat of death—reality, nightmare, or joke? What is life in the silence of God where men speak of love but can not give or get it?

Fellini has said that all his films tell "the story of characters in quest of themselves." *Satyricon* succeeds superbly in convincing us of the intense precariousness of existence. The tension of the film is at times unbearable, simply because we feel that in this world anything can happen; no form of human brutality or abasement is excluded. But the film leaves a sour taste. Its characters, irretrievably lost in their own weakness and vanity, can never find themselves; and, for all the film's moral passion and technical brilliance, one feels that Fellini's capacity for disgust has overpowered his sense of humanity.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Music

BY CARMAN MOORE

Berio, "*blueprint*"

There was yelling. There were catcalls and stamping on the floor all evening at old Carnegie Hall in New York during the long-awaited mixed-media stage composition that its maker Luciano Berio called *This Means That.* What means what? Harold Schonberg of *The New York Times* called it "indeed a stinker." Berio has suffered epithets less mild, but he has also fared better. He is used to both adulation and anger. Sometimes, he seems to seek both. Those who, knowing his *Folk Songs,* considered themselves Berio fans would hear his dry, acrid *Chemins II (for Viola and Nine Instruments)* and walk out. Those who had cheered his recent triumph, *Sinfonia* (a New York Philharmonic commission), would view his hysterical happening-like opera *Passaggio (Messa in Scena)* in dismay. *Passaggio* lovers, hearing his jazz cantata *Allez Hop,* would register only confusion.

The clue to Berio's *oeuvre,* perhaps, is that he has the courage to ignore the stage described in music-appreciation books as a composer's "creative peak." The forty-four-year-old master, rather, is in the vanguard of a new order in world culture. Just as today's scientists, sociologists, and students are no longer simply willing blindly to turn out the work but are beginning to ask how did we get here, Berio pushes on into an obsession with processes. The nineteenth-century music world was dominated by composer worship, the first half of the twentieth by star-system performer worship, and 'fifties' and 'sixties' scholars have been saying forget all that and consider the piece of music itself. Berio's process research has scrutinized all three: the piece itself in *Sequenza I (for Flute Solo)*; the performer-instrument in the masterpieces *Circles* and *Thema (Omaggio a Joyce)*; the added query—how does the audience tick?—in *Passaggio.* And finally in *This Means That* he dragged onto the stage of Carnegie Hall his own brainwork and figments thereof for audience scrutiny, right in mid-process.

In the New York performance, Berio knew that he wanted to create something dealing with nasal sounds, featuring three singers (among them the brilliant vocal gymnast Cathy Berberian) and the Swingle Singers. He interspersed jugglers, electronic tape, and a lecture by Sarah Lawrence College president Dr. Charles De Carlo (in Europe he had used Harold Pinter and Susan Sontag). Berio also knew that since this piece was to concern the "ingredients" for a work, its performance would be different each time.

A hit in the capitals of Europe, the composition flopped in New York, the capital of the music world. The loudspeaker system was wretched. De Carlo's lecture opening the show was flaccid to the point where many listeners thought it was a put-on and that the resultant booing was in the score. The Swingles, scored for a concert within the concert, sang sloppily (for once).

This Means That is, perhaps, most aptly described as a blueprint for a brain vivisection. As such, its result can be either a hymn to creative process or a lobotomy. Should Berio someday decide to crystallize this blueprint—in his study rather than onstage—it could become just another safe opus, perhaps even a masterpiece. But I hope that never happens. *This Means That,* to be true to itself, must never achieve the period at the end—must forever remain in danger of flopping.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

A Way of Seeing, "*impractical*"

A Way of Seeing (McCall) by Margaret Mead and Rhoda Metraux is a collection of fifty-five short essays that appeared originally in *Redbook* over a period of eight years. Ruminating on the common and the individual weal in the plangent disarray of the present time, the anthropologists take as their subjects marriage and divorce, conservation and student unrest, war and peace, the police and parenthood, violence and apathy—in short, they are urgent and articulate about nearly everything.

Cool-headed and serious as these two women are, it strikes me that their way of seeing is often through rose-coloured glasses, and while their propositions are admirable, I can not share their optimistic faith in the emergence of a new ethic that will bestow coherence on the universal mind. In speaking of the population explosion, for example, one of them writes, "The only humanizing choice, it appears to me, is the one that involves all human beings voluntarily. And the basis for this must be an ethic all men can share in the task of limiting the number of the living so all human beings can truly live." I applaud the shining hope for such a Utopia, but I doubt that the climate is right for the growth of such responsibility.

Again, in making a plea for a second language to be used throughout the world, they argue that invented languages do not work because they are wanting in complexity, and they say, "If we chose as a secondary language the natural language of a small, politically unimportant, non-European literate people, we could accomplish our several purposes. *It can be done now.* It may be very difficult to do later." The italics are mine; I use them because I do not believe in this possibility, much as I would like to.

Nor do I believe that the lowering of the age of franchise to eighteen, that "underwriting the economic independence of all students," that draft reform would necessarily bring order to the academic bear garden. Certainly the authors are correct in putting much—indeed, most—of the blame for student uprising on the adults who consciously or unconsciously connive with disruptive forces. They write, "In the eyes of many of them [the students] it [the college or university] has come to stand for the whole Establishment, for the enemy of an emergent new world." And, to resolve this dilemma, we must "bridge the ever-widening generation gap and find a new basis for trust that both generations can share." I accept the diagnosis, but I would like to know what means are to be used to bring about a cure. Since it is too late in the day for preventive medicine, the disease must be treated symptomatically and broad general concepts are not a strong enough physic.

I like this generous and energetic book. With Dr. Mead and Dr. Metraux, I deplore the decline of certain mores and the demise of others: honeymoons are no longer in style; there is no longer a time for mourning or for a mother's reflection on the pains and rewards of her childbed. We must "do" something with our leisure instead of peacefully seeking that enlightenment of mind and soul that can evolve only through thought.

But, although I like the book and honour the authors' brains, I find them, on the whole, impractical to the point of naïveté. *Their* second language is the lingua franca of Never-Never-Land.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Flight check to Finland

To rent a private island is one of the great luxuries of the Finns. Rising like green tufts in the enamel-blue lakes, these islands range in size from one acre to fifty. Arrangements include simple wooden cottages with fireplaces, saunas, rowboats or motorboats plus fishing licenses. Most guests fish for their food and boat across to nearby towns for staples. On some islands, guests walk through the dappled, silent woods to farmers' cottages for eggs, butter, and bread.

For quick forays to lakes far from airfields and to Lapland above the Arctic Circle, the best way, and the way the Finns go, is to fly by private planes. In Finland, pontoon planes beached in front of lakeside houses look as natural as cars parked in driveways. (Arrangements for air charter, $50 an hour for four persons plus pilot, may be made at any of Finland's sixteen airfields.)

In Finnish Lapland at the new Suomu Hotel, the imaginary Arctic Circle crosses through the dining room in the main house shaped like a conical Lapp tent. From a world locked in white, dark silence where reindeer stop, look, and slowly stalk back into forests, the year turns to nightless summer. Then, the constant light of the North brushes everything tender-green—birch trees, willows, moss—and small, exquisite flowers and berries vein forest floors. From Rovaniemi, the capital of Finnish Lapland, to the hotel in Suomutunturi is about ninety miles by car; from Helsinki to Rovaniemi, two hours and a half flying Finnair.

Cruising between Helsinki and Copenhagen, the new streamlined car ferry, "Finlandia," piles up pleasures and comforts on the overnight trip—dancing, drinking, swimming, and saunabathing. Sailing to Helsinki, the ship glides through the Gulf of Finland studded with mint-green islands to a waterfront golden with early afternoon sunrays. Cruising to Copenhagen, the ship arrives when the city is rinsed with morning freshness.

Everything about Finnair, Finland's fleet of jets, is thoroughly Finnish from its flag-colour markings to the interiors, the silver, china, linens, food, and handsome crew. Possibly the only thing not air-borne is a sauna. On Finnair's direct overnight flight leaving New York at seven twenty-five in the evening and arriving in Helsinki about one the next afternoon, experienced travellers arrange for a sauna on the same day they land. All Finnish hotels have them and people who know reserve rooms and saunas in advance. Finnair's flight routes reach from the Arctic Circle across Europe to Moscow and south as far as Spain. Passengers holding a round-trip ticket from New York to Helsinki may visit either Amsterdam or Copenhagen at no extra cost, or pay an extra $10 to stop over in both cities. From now through the summer: economy round-trip fare, New York to Helsinki: $249; during the peak season, add $55; first class round-trip fare, good in all seasons as Finland is, $942.

Note: Finland's season for delicious crayfish begins July 20. Lapp shops in Helsinki often run short of the copper-coloured handmade leather Lapp boots with Oriental turned-up toes. Marimekko makes the Christmas-green moulded felt boots that look and perform well in snow.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

London

BY QUENTIN CREWE

"*no connection with real Britons*"

Nothing about Britain ever seems, to those who live there, to bear any relation to its reputation. Even our world-famous London fogs no longer exist. We have emerged from a pretty wintry winter without there having been one fog in the city. Indeed, London's head gardener maintains that he can now grow many species of trees that simply will not prosper in any other capital because our air is so clear.

Above all, our character as portrayed abroad has absolutely no connection with the real nature of British people. Far from being reserved, we are, as I recognized when taking a long train journey, all too forthcoming about our private lives. Between London and Carlisle, I became privy to the most intimate details of two women's marriage problems, the confidant of a man whose business was failing, and the arbiter between two young persons who were indecisive as to whether to anticipate certain aspects of their proposed marriage. (She was for, he against.)

In a recent television inquiry into privacy in which the producers planned to ask passers-by increasingly personal questions to see how far they would go, there was found to be no limit to what people were prepared to discuss. Only one girl refused to answer any questions. She was American. Many of the rest had, in the end, to be protected from their own indiscretions by the natural good taste of the BBC.

In almost no way are we what we are reputed to be. We are not phlegmatic. We are extremely excitable, as witness the destruction wrought every week by our football fans. We are not honest and peaceful, as can be judged from the activities of our skinheads. We are not tolerant, as may be deduced from the wild reactionary cries of the ladies of the Tory Party.

The only two characteristics that are properly attributed are perversity and practicality, the two often going hand in hand. We have, for instance, a film censor. The titular censor is Lord Harlech, although in practice most of the routine work is done by John Trevelyan. With practicality both these men were chosen for their liberal views so that, while films are censored, what gets past the censor is often enough to frighten cinema managers out of their wits. And for perversity we had the improbable spectacle of the film censor's arguing with the police. Andy Warhol's *Flesh* was being shown at a club. After it had been on for two weeks, the police arrived to seize the film and take the names of the audience. Within minutes Trevelyan was on the scene protesting strongly that there was nothing obscene about the film.

Perversity shows itself in many forms. Graham Sutherland is having his first exhibition in London for four years. The exhibition raises the question of what has happened to Sutherland's portrait of Churchill, presented to him by the House of Commons. Churchill hated it. He toted it round his household canvassing opinions about it. Only one member of his staff ventured any praise and the old man didn't speak to that person for days. The picture was supposedly put in the cellar of his house in Hyde Park Gate. Someone who was working for him at the time told me, about five years ago, that Churchill had in fact burnt the painting. I tried to find out the truth. The late Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's son, said that he couldn't find out where the picture was although he said he wouldn't mind selling it. Did I think it would fetch £5000 (about $12,000)? He never did find out. Lady Churchill's secretary could not say what had happened to the portrait. Eventually John Colville, who was Churchill's secretary during the war and is an executor of his will, assured me that the picture still existed. He wouldn't say where it was or what was going to happen to it. I had to believe him, but it is puzzling that no one, not even Churchill's son, has ever been able to establish the fate of Sutherland's finest portrait.

Sometimes in our practicality we manage things better. The Royal Jockey Club has for years been one of Britain's most autocratic institutions. Founded around 1750, this body makes all the rules for horse racing. It has done so in eighteenth-century style. Its members include three royal Dukes and a similar number of everyday Dukes. The nine Stewards, headed by Sir Randle Feilden, include six Old Etonians, one Old Harrovian, and one Old Wykehamist. One of their most recent decisions was to reject with firmness the idea that women might be jockeys. Most people have been bleating for this undemocratic body to be reformed. The Duke of Norfolk has been battling to preserve the old order, but someone ingenious has arranged for the Club to be given a Royal Charter. The only comic part is that while puffed with loyal pride at being the first body governing a sport to be given a Royal Charter, the Club has suddenly found that, as a result, they are for the first time accountable to a higher authority for their actions. Practical, you see, we are.

On religion you might think us sound. The Bishop of Carlisle, for example, has been agitating about the effect of our new decimal coinage on the collection plate in church. He recalls with sadness what happened when the groat, a coin, was abolished more than one hundred years ago. Collections, the Bishop says, went down with a bump. Will the man who now gives half-a-crown give only a ten-new-pence—a loss to the holy coffers of 20 per cent? Or will he become what the Bishop calls "a two-coin man" putting in two ten-new-pence coins, thus swelling the devout offerings by 60 per cent? His Grace is not sanguine that the outcome will be so happy. Well, that is a very proper discussion. And I daresay it is also proper that Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., the publishers, should be confident of selling seventy-five thousand copies of pop-star Cliff Richard's new religious work, *Questions*. His first, *The Way I See It*, sold seventy thousand.

So who would expect so perverse a work from Britain as *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross* by John Marco Allegro, a leading authority on the Dead Sea Scrolls? Dr. Allegro, who left the Navy in order to study theology with the intention of becoming a Methodist minister, changed his mind and became a philologist. His book propounds the theory that the New Testament is merely a code collection of the secrets of a mushroom cult. The mushroom in question is Fly Agaric, which grows freely enough in Britain and will doubtless be eagerly picked next fall. Properly taken, the mushroom gives its takers a sense of well-being, knowledge, and power—illusory and, in the case of the Jews, provocative of the savage Roman reprisals against the takers in the form of the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. The difficulty about Dr. Allegro's book is that only about a dozen people are qualified philologically to argue with his interpretations.

If you accept Dr. Allegro's theories, you have to abandon any notion that Jesus Christ was a man; He was a mushroom. So was Saint Peter. Petros in Greek may mean rock, but in Aramaic Pitra means mushroom. Dr. Allegro is an engaging figure who takes great delight in his findings. "To someone with an earthy sense of humour like me, it is very funny to think that what those pious looking priests are wearing on their girdles is really a phallic mushroom," he observed gleefully to me.

The Professor is also pleased with the money he will make from his book. So are his publishers, who happen to be none other than Hodder & Stoughton. Doubtless they are hedging their bets with Cliff Richard, storing up treasure in heaven as well as on the mushroom earth. We are a very practical nation you see.



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Polly Bergen



HOROSCOPE

April 15 through April 30

ARIES, March 21—April 19. The atmosphere of control your ebullient nature has endured early this month will be released on the 18th, when your ruler, Mars, enters a friendly sign, Gemini. Many requests come to make short trips, but it would be better to respond to offers of business opportunities instead. Your partnership planet, Venus, is working for you. At full moon, the 21st, a remarkable idea about a large sum of money will require an immediate decision. Be sure you wish it, for the responsibility is heavy. Try to put off your answer until after the 26th, to examine the facts. Accept, sign papers on the 27th, not after. The 28th and 29th are irritating; completing unfinished work eases tension.

TAURUS, April 20—May 20. *With four planets in your Taurus sign, you continue to meet the many tasks set before you with good concentration. The demands are mental as well as physical; that is the price of the important rôle you are expected to play in this period of financial change. "Values" is the key word, and you are master in this field. Mars, still in your sign, prods you relentlessly; but relief is in sight. Mars leaves your sign on the 19th, and tension lifts. Venus, Mercury, and Saturn still support you. The full moon, the 21st, brings everything to a peak. Your efforts are complete and all decisions resolved at the end of the day on the 27th. The game is won—move on.*

GEMINI, May 21—June 20. Your lively, witty personality has been subdued and made serious while your ruler, Mercury, is in the quiet sign of Taurus. Mars there, too, forced you to work, but silently. For the remainder of the month Venus will bring you social successes and luxurious living. Resolve a love affair between the 16th and the 19th, and continue to campaign for enduring financial security while this beautiful planet supports all of your efforts. Mars enters your Gemini sign on the 20th; from the 21st to the 27th, examine all the factors related to income and investments and set them to rights. On the 27th, the advantages of this month's journey will be complete.

CANCER, June 21—July 22. Your emotional life has received assurance from Venus and Mercury, good to your sign. Many of your ideas are backed up by Jupiter in Scorpio—also good to Cancer people. You can depend on your judgment now to venture and expand. The 17th and 18th are important days to respond to messages of financial importance. Recognition should come for service you render. On the 19th, a friend suggests a new idea to present to the public. On the 21st, full moon, your ruler has lucky Jupiter in exact conjunction: This is the best time to sell the public a novel idea. From the 26th to the month's end, total your advancements; plans made now set the tone for the year.

LEO, July 23—August 22. *Your dynamic force has the power of the Sun supporting your endeavours until the 20th. Use these five days diligently. Mars in the slow sign of Taurus may be hard on you, but accept the challenge. The full moon on the 21st forces all your projects up and out into the open. This suits your showmanship, so give a good performance. There is one final day for effective action: If one more thing is needed to complete your program, do it on the 27th, a surprisingly fast-moving day. Give the last three days to those you love or to a hobby that you have meant to explore when time was free, something suitable to your force and strength.*

VIRGO, August 23—September 22. Since Mars (reality) is in your friendly sign, Taurus, all your partners work diligently to please you and help you to excel in your work. Mercury, your ruler, there, too, makes the resolution of agreements easy. Tensions are relaxed when Mars leaves on the 18th. Venus stays for two more days, so money and love continue to flow, urging partners to cooperate until the 20th. Your ruler, Mercury, remains faithful until the end of the month, sanctioning your judgments. Your tireless efforts peak by the full moon, the 21st, making this a most successful month. Stop by the 28th, to give yourself time to sum up your rewards; Mercury stops moving then.

LIBRA, September 23—October 22. The clever planet Uranus heightens your talent for high fashion and decoration. While the planet is moving backward, do your homework to be ready for the next whirl it will bring to your life. Complete whatever you have to offer early in the morning of the 17th. Results or acknowledgments are due you on the full moon, the 21st. From the 24th to the 27th, Mars moves into Gemini, Air, and you receive stimulation from a new source. Not until the 30th, when you have completely reprogrammed your new idea, will you be inspired to put it into a saleable form. The month ends excitingly.

SCORPIO, October 23—November 21. *Your concentrated power has been turned by provident Jupiter toward expansive activities. Extravagant proposals and daring associates are acceptable to you. They need your strength, so give them your full attention on the 17th. Act on your instincts on the 20th. Your thoughts will peak on the full moon, the 21st. As Jupiter slides away from your birth sign on the 29th, go underground with the many ideas you have gathered. Develop them for your next bow to the world when Jupiter re-enters your sign later this year. Do not be drawn into a new situation prematurely on the 28th. You have a preview of what you may do when your time comes later.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 22—December 21. The new impetus brought to your enthusiastic personality by Jupiter's brief visit in your sign has changed you. You are left with glowing memories, ready when Neptune next re-enters your sign. Events cast their shadows on the 19th and 20th; take note. The full moon on the 21st brings you back to reality as the dream fades. There is one day of importance left, the 28th when Venus (love) comes your way. There may be a friend whom you have overlooked who wants more than friendship. Your ruler has re-entered Libra, the sign of marriage. Weigh this development with care—it could lead to marriage.

CAPRICORN, December 22—January 20. Your best fortune is having so many people working to promote your program. Mars (reality) moves on after the 19th, so the pace is easier. Venus, in your companion sign, Taurus, still keeps you busy socially until the 28th; Mercury stays on and supports your working schedule; Saturn (reputation and fame) holds firm. Strength from a new source comes to your attention suddenly on the 29th and 30th. The time has come for a new identification or re-evaluation of an idea that was not fulfilled at first. This may be the thing you need to motivate you in improving the original idea.

AQUARIUS, January 21—February 19. *Your nature hungers for new ventures, and your ruler, the precise planet Uranus still in Libra, is attracting candidates to you. Hurry, for Jupiter (opportunities) is the neighbouring planet, helping you to make the choice. There is more to come with the strength of Mars (action) provoking you, on the 20th, into forming an alliance. The 26th is a most fulfilling day for proving your occult instincts; they serve you well. On the 28th, when generous Venus enters Air in Gemini, you are ready for intellectual pleasure. Your creative forces are always enhanced when you are stimulated by others.*

PISCES, February 20—March 20. Your practical friends have sought your spiritual collaboration to complete the tasks at hand. In turn, your ruler, Neptune, in Fire has provoked what you so earnestly seek: to deal more realistically with facts. Your ruler in Fire also adds a touch of drama to your situation. Though somewhat out of your element, you will enjoy this loving experience; and after the full moon, in Scorpio on the 21st, you will have the feeling of having won in a new area. Passing events on the last day in the month, the 30th, seem to start you on a new journey. You can trust a new feeling of interest in higher intellectual subjects; your goals have been strengthened.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

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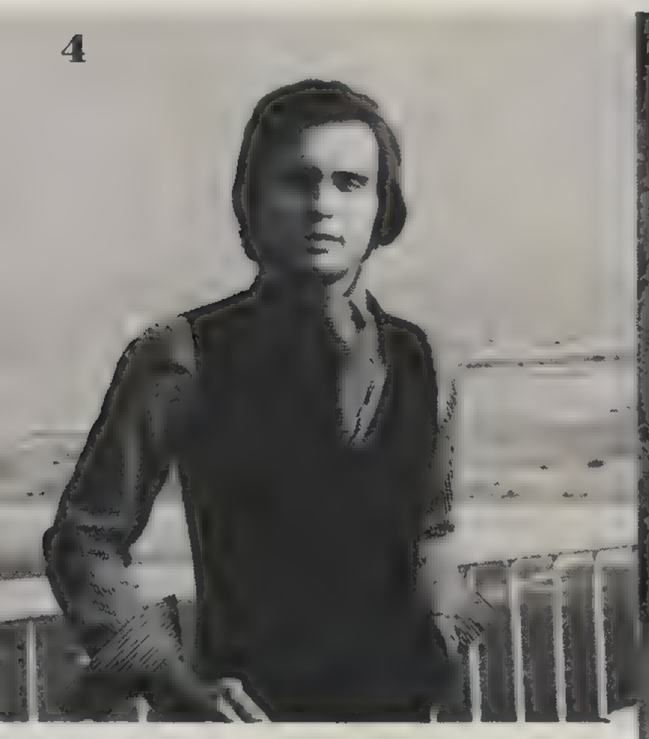
Poster courtesy Barbados Tourist Board.



MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Monte Carlo: quick, new pace... at the Casino, jacket and tie; otherwise, great "non-suits" in the colours that are omnipresent: the sun-baked white and terra-cottas of the mountains, the black of the olive trees. **1.** On Monte Carlo Beach, the shirt-suit at its peak as done by Cerutti in beige linen, with Cerutti's great belt studded with brass numerals. **2.** At the yacht basin, Paris broker ***Cedric Lopez-Huici*** in the classic white suit in modern guise. By Cerutti. **3.** At Club de la Vigie, Dior's shirt-suit: sheer voile shirt, rugged corduroy trousers, both in giant black plaid on rosy terra-cotta ground. **4.** At the Nice Airport, meeting Air France's direct flight from New York, actor



Daniel Sismondi in Cerutti's vest-suit, black linen with black-and-white silk shirt, ascot. **5.** On his yacht, Paris lawyer ***Hubert Michard-Pellissier*** in Cerutti's navy anchor-print trousers, navy turtleneck. New Yorkers can get Monte Carlo looks at Best & Co.'s Cerutti 1881 Shop.

GELBSMAN

In The Tanner Manner

A great Tannerism: pure white silk for summer. Silk lined plaid shirtdress,
about $80. Silk dress with pull through silk print scarf, about $70. Both in red/white/blue as shown, silk lined and in sizes 8 to 18.



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APRIL 15, 1970

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: the scratch pad



. . . but a *real* scratch pad. With real scratch—real money. Any denomination of your choice, any number of bills to a pad. And you peel off your ones or your fives or your hundreds—exactly the way you'd peel the pages from a garden-variety scratch pad. No fuss, no muss, no scrunched-up bills losing themselves in the heat of transaction—just all these lovely new, clean, green notes, crisp and flat as though they'd been freshly pressed. Pretty chic, yes?—and think how practical. . . . It's one of the ways La Banque Continentale in New York—among several obliging banks around the country—endears itself to its patrons: a little dash with your cash, on request. . . . As for that nifty golden ducat of a watch sitting around on its orange-and-white strap: fifteen reasonable facsimiles of the notes above, and it's all yours—a case of more dash than cash, we'd say (and we've lots more to say about that further on in this issue). Schiaparelli watch, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Puckered cotton shirt, by Gregory, sprigged in purple, red, and white. PENATI



sprints

COLOUR
ON
COLOUR,
PRINT
ON
PRINT...



PENATI

. . . ALL PART OF THE GREAT DESIGN

'Sfake, this snake, left: a sliver of slithery silk slashed open to the top of the legs—lets a girl move with a bit of freedom of an evening—and a long fringed chiffon scarf to tie around your head and go snaking along to where your feet touch down in real skin-of-snake sandals. Hiss hiss hooray! Turnout by Geoffrey Beene, of Dick & Goldschmidt fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. The snakeskin sandals by El Greco. Little cat feat, this page, putting together two such delicious big-cat prints—chiffon wrapped with curling feathers all around, belted over silk organza pants in a bigger, bolder pattern. By Bill Blass, of Tzaims Luksus-TSM printed silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Pearly ropes, Marvella, Kenneth Lane for Laguna. Herbert Levine sandals. Coiffures these fourteen pages: Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

sprints–

'SNAVY AND WHITE,
SNAKY AND SWIRLY



One sunning snake-print, top left: a little arm-baring dress of navy-and-white crêpe, with a flicker of skirt, a small, white-bordered shawl. By Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, of acetate and rayon crêpe (Fabric by Malcolm Marshall). About $110. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Halston hat. Wristband by Bill Smith for Richelieu. Snake in the shade, below left: arms covered up and the V-neck filled with a matching scarf—narrow navy-and-white jersey dress capped and sashed here with suède. Tina S. by The Sidneys, of Cedilla nylon (Fabric by Malcolm Marshall). About $70. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Halston cap. Thomas Robbins rings. Sash by Elegant. It isn't Occidental, above, it's Japanese, the look of this navy-and-white print—leaves in swirling currents of jersey, all caught up with a twined rope belt. By Hanae Mori. Ban-Lon dress of Du Pont nylon. About $68. Late April, Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. Odyssey scarf. Yves Saint Laurent belt. . . . Under a purple suède watch cap by Mr. John, hair that's looking especially fit, thanks to the Redken ministrations at Vidal Sassoon. . . . And don't all the prints look great with red legs?—thrice, Round-the-Clock tights.

PENATI

sprints-

ON AN INDIAN KICK

PENATI

Looks Aztec, left, looks great, this bright buttoned-up dress and sleeveless coat in reds and blues. Paul Blumenstein for the House of Branell; (Concord Fabrics rayon). About $130. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Rich's; Dayton's; Bullock's, Pasadena. Mr. John cap. Battani boots: Best & Co. Here and above left: Round-the-Clock red tights.

Midi pleats, centre left: millions—count them—of tiny pressed pleats in a pretty diamond-patterned jersey; little ties close a slash nearly to the waist in front, and flicks of ruffles ripple around the wrists and hem. Dress by Eloise Curtis of Happenstance, of acetate jersey (Lonsdale Mills fabric). About $75. At Jacobson's, Michigan. Scarf at Odyssey. Laced-up scarlet ankle-boots by Roger Vivier, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Zigzag midi, this page: a nearly sheer print in an Indian beadwork design; shirt-collared, short-sleeved, the waist wound up here in a fringed suède sash. By Leslie Fay, of polyester knit. About $42. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Straw hat by Adolfo. Choker by Ruza Creations. Both pages: sash by Elegant. Suède clogs by Olofdaughters. Keeping this face fresh: a misting of Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish, by Richard Hudnut.

sprints-

STRIPES AND PLEATS FOR SOME ENCHANTED EVENINGS

PENATI

Did you ever see so many pleats? left: silk chiffon pleats spilling down over the arms and over the legs in sheer abandon—the tunic is tied and so is the head, long scarf-ends flying. Turnout by Don Breitinger for Harold Levine, of Chic International fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; Carson Pirie Scott; Swanson's. . . . or so many stripes? right: a diaphanous djiba of vertical organza stripes; a light-as-a-handkerchief dress of stripes going around . . . a delicious contrast of directions that looks like shifting plaid. By Trigère, of Staron silk. At Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Mr. John cap. Beads by Marvella, Joe Rubin, Cadoro, Lillija. Rings by Richard Palan. The lipstick—a sunny shiny shade called Palma Pink, one of L'Oréal's new Colors Mediterranée.

How softer than a serpent's tooth—the slither of serpent print, left: brown and white on the lightest possible matte silk jersey. A dress that falls softly, moves softly, has long sleeves and a drawstring to slink it at the waist. Of the same snaky silk, a headwrap that trails to a scarf. By Aldrich, of Onondaga fabric. About $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres. Choker by Marlene for Rakes. Python boots, Herbert Levine. The snake has all the lines, below—long ones with pleats from the hip: a speckly, snaky, printed shirtdress of brown-beige-white silk, sashed at the waist. By Oscar de la Renta, of International Textiles fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. White felt ripple-brimmed hat by Halston. The red chiffon has all the petals, right, curling like white Chinese chrysanthemums at the neck and wrists of a floaty wrapped dress tied under the bosom with white satin. By Sarmi, of silk chiffon. At Elizabeth Arden; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.

sprints-

SNAKES ON SILK,

PETALS ON CHIFFON



sprints-
SPLITS AND SLITS



PENATI

Wrapped to a split, far left—a midi skirt of beige cotton poplin that wraps, flares over tops of snakeskin boots. With a white silk shirt, a couple of snakeskin belts with grommets, a fling of long chiffon scarf. Everything by Halston. Skirt, about $110; shirt, about $60. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; Charles Gallay. Lillian Barkow ring. Zipping to a split, left—a midi-length skirt of black Arnel ciré that opens to the hipbone. Midriff bared up to a tiny top of black texturized nylon. Both by Anne Klein. Skirt, about $45; top, about $16. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Swanson's. Coro belt. Sant' Angelo tassel. Vested slit, below—a one-piece dress of black knit bouclé slit like a vest and belted in white leather fringe over a dirndl skirt. Designed by Rodrigues; about $105. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Neiman-Marcus. Halston cap. Thomas Robbins choker. Belt by Elegant. Danskin tights. Battani boots. Split outlined in white, right—a midi suit of navy cotton and rayon. Easy jacket, skirt slit to the thigh, white edges everywhere, white silk shirt. Here with a big white straw hat, red boots and stockings, red neck thongs. Suit, thongs, and boots by Oscar de la Renta. Suit: Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Hat by Halston.



sprints-

STREAKS, SPRAYS, BLACK AND WHITE



Sprinted streaks of whitening, opposite, on a black midi shirtdress with deep collar, long full sleeves, high waist. Marvellous front and back, so shown that way. By Donald Brooks, of rayon (Orceyre fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Neusteters. Halston white felt hat. Danskin tights. Roger Vivier white canvas ankle boots, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sprays of abstract leaves, this page, a great-anywhere dress of black-and-white printed jersey—short, wrapped, with long sleeves, V neck, sash. Here, with a little neck-tied scarf. A Bandura dress by Branell, of nylon (Gianna Cereda Fabrics); about $145. At Bloomingdale's; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros. Scarf by Glentex. Ring by Thomas Robbins. Black tights by Danskin. Sandals by Herbert Levine. All coiffures on these and the past twelve pages, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

sprints-
THE TIGER SPLITS



Jungle stripes, wrapped and split, right: brilliant yellow-and-black jersey midi skirt opened up in front for plenty of spring over slick black boots. With it, a narrow little tiger-print shirt. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 7696. Shirt, Vogue Pattern 7745. Cross from Greek Island Boutique. Fringed suède sash by Elegant. Tiger tiger burning bright, far right: midi shirtdress in yellow-and-black print to unbutton anywhere along the leg, to strap with a metal-studded leather belt. Vogue Pattern 7744. Margaret Brown belt. Both pages: Ban-Lon fabric of Du Pont nylon, from Gilbert Frank. Coiffures: Maury Hopson. Leon Buchheit hairpieces. Pattern details, on page 34.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 7745
VOGUE PATTERN 7696

VOGUE PATTERN 7744



The easiest things in the world to live in are often the most luxurious—like Mainbochers....Where could such a perfect little suit as the navy silk, *left*, have come from if not Mainbocher's infallible hand? Every stitch is telltale. And those armholes—the highest, smallest, smoothest—slighter than he's ever made them before. The short double-breasted jacket is simply belted over graph-paper checks and an easy gored skirt. Turnout in Douppioni silk. The soft rose linen dinner dress, *right*, curves out beautifully to kimono sleeves and a full skirt that grazes the knee—everything about it moving marvellously as you walk or turn around or merely lift your arm. All jewels by David Webb. Coiffures by Alexander of Kenneth. Clothes on these four pages, made to order by Mainbocher.

MAINBOCHER

and the living is easy



MAINBOCHER

and the living is breezy

Nothing breezier than Mainbocher's navy organza, *left*, drifting almost to the ankle in handkerchief-pointed bias layers—even the big blowy sleeves just seem made to float through the night. Another perfect little Mainbocher suit, *opposite*, as fresh and as right as the one on the page before—here are the slight small armholes again and the marvellous ease, this time in black-and-cinnamon Tattersall wool plaid with a snug jacket to the waist, maize linen beneath, and a dirndl skirt. All jewels, David Webb. Coiffures, Guy of Kenneth.

PENATI

TIME





SHE LIVES IN A WORLD OF STYLE AND FANTASY...

GLORIA GUINNESS

In a white white room, tucked up among cushions of black-and-white and clean, vivid Mexican colours, sits Mrs. Loel Guinness—erect, sun-tanned, slim beyond words—speaking of some little something she enjoys. Laughter burbles through her deep throaty voice. One hand, with long strong fingers, is flung up, wrist bent back, thumb to forefinger. She looks you straight in the eye and warms you immediately with her humour—her optimism—her enormous relish. There is no side to Gloria Guinness, no pretension, no pettiness. She adores everything in her life. Everything is a fresh delight—this is the best omelette—these are the most beautiful tuberoses—here's where to find the unfindable cheese that her husband is so fond of....Gloria Guinness is shaped by (Continued on next page)

Far left and left, Mrs. Guinness in white pants, black-and-white pullover, a man's Panama hat; above, boarding her helicopter in a multicolour striped pullover, pants, a scarf wrapped around her hat—the way she likes to look.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CECIL BEATON

(Continued) the things she loves; they've made her an authority. She has discovered the best on land, sea, and air: the house in Palm Beach, where she was photographed by Cecil Beaton, the houses in Europe and Mexico, the yacht, the jet plane—all are run with effortless un-tense perfection for the comfort and pleasure of her husband, family, friends. And she has discovered the best in herself: her authority —her style—is in the everyday rhythm of her life; in the way she dresses, the way she sits, stands. The way she walks—the easy, lyrical walk of a natural woman —simply a graceful way of getting from A to B. She prunes away clutter everywhere and gives herself completely to what's important to her. She doesn't complain, she applauds.

Mrs. Guinness, left, in a fling of red poncho over white pants; right, in a Mexican man's striped cotton djellaba—worn with absolute plainness, without jewels.

GLORIA GUINNESS

CECIL BEATON



"Fantastic Havana—where every vice was permissible and every trade possible"

Soon after the war ended, my friend Cavalcanti asked me to write a film for him. I had the idea of writing a Secret Service comedy based on what I had learned from my work in 1943-44 of German Abwehr activity in Lisbon. Those Abwehr officers who had not been suborned already by our own service spent much of their time sending home completely erroneous reports based on information received from imaginary agents. It was a paying game, especially when expenses and bonuses were added to the cypher's salary, and a safe one. The fortunes of the German Government were now in decline, and it is wonderful how the conception of honour alters in the atmosphere of defeat.

I had sometimes thought, in the course of my work, of how easily in West Africa I could have played a similar game if I had not been content with the more modest profits suited to the parsimony of my office. I had learned that nothing pleased the services at home more than the addition of a card to their intelligence files. For example, there was a report on a Vichy airfield in French Guinea—the agent was illiterate and could not count over ten (the number of his fingers and thumbs), nor did he know any of the points of the compass except the east (he was Mohammedan). A building on the airfield which he said housed an army tank was, I believed from other evidence, a store for old boots. I had emphasized the agent's disqualifications, so that I was surprised when I earned a rating for his report of "most valuable."

The Lowdown from Our Man in Havana

There was no rival organization in the field except S.O.E. [Special Operations Executive], with whose reports mine could be compared, and I had no more belief in S.O.E. reports than in my own—they probably came from the same source. Somebody in an office in London had been enabled to add a line or two to an otherwise blank card—that seemed the only explanation.

So it was that experiences in my little shack in Freetown, Sierra Leone, joined with those in a more comfortable room off St. James's in London, to give me the idea of what twelve years later became *Our Man in Havana.*

The first version was an outline written on a single sheet of paper. The date of the story was 1938, the scene Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, a reasonable enough setting for espionage. The English agent had nothing at this stage to do with vacuum cleaners, and it was the extravagance of his wife and not his daughter which led him to cheat his service. He was a more besotted character than Wormold, the protagonist of the final version, and less innocent. As the 1939 war approached, his enemies, like Wormold's, began to treat him seriously—the local police, too. The incident of the misused microphotographs was already in this draft. Cavalcanti, before we started work, thought it necessary to get clearance from the censor, and he was told that no certificate could be issued to a film that made fun of the Secret Service. At least that was the story he told me. Perhaps he invented an excuse because he was not enamoured of the subject.

The story remained at the back of my mind, submitting itself to the wise criticism of the preconscious. In the meanwhile I had visited Havana several times. I enjoyed the louche atmosphere of Batista's city and I never stayed long enough to be aware of the sad political background of arbitrary imprisonment and torture. I came there ("in search of pleasure for my punishment," Wilfrid Scawen Blunt wrote) for the sake of the Floridita restaurant (famous for daiquiris and Morro crabs), for the brothel life, the roulette in every hotel, the fruit machines spilling out jackpots of silver dollars, the Shanghai Theatre where for one dollar and twenty-five cents one could see a nude cabaret of extreme obscenity with the bluest of blue films in the intervals. (There was a pornographic book shop in the foyer for young Cubans who were bored by the cabaret.) Suddenly it struck me that here in this extraordinary city, where every vice was permissible and every trade possible, lay the true background for my comedy. I realized that I had been planning the wrong situation and placing it at the wrong period. The shadows of the war to come in 1938 were too dark for comedy; the reader could feel no sympathy for a man who was cheating his country in Hitler's day for the sake of an extravagant wife. But in fantastic Havana, among the absurdities of the Cold War (for who can accept the survival of Western capitalism as a great cause?), there was a situation allowably comic, all the more if I changed the wife into a daughter.

Strangely enough, as I planned my fantastic comedy, I learned for the first time some of the realities of Batista's Cuba. I had met no Cubans, I had never travelled into the interior, so while the story was emerging, I set about curing a little of my ignorance. I made Cuban friends; I took a car and travelled with a driver around the country. He was a superstitious man and my education began on the first day when he ran over and killed a chicken. It was then he initiated me into the symbols of the lottery—we had killed a chicken, we must buy such and such a number. This was the substitute for hope in hopeless Cuba.

Destiny produced this driver in a typically Cuban manner. I had employed him some two or three years before for a few days in Havana. I was with a friend and on our last afternoon we thought of trying out a novelty—we had been to the Shanghai, we had watched without much interest Superman's performance with a mulatto girl (as uninspiring as a dutiful husband's), we had lost a little at roulette, we had fed at the Floridita, smoked marijuana, and seen a Lesbian performance at the Blue Moon. So now we asked our driver if he could provide us with a little cocaine. Nothing apparently was easier. He stopped at a news agent's and came back with a screw of paper containing some white powder—the price was the equivalent of five shillings, which struck me as suspiciously cheap.

We lay on our beds and sniffed and sniffed. Once or twice we sneezed.

"Do you feel anything?"

"Nothing at all."

We sniffed again.

"No lift?"

"No lift."

I was of a more suspicious nature than my companion and I was soon convinced that we had been sold—at what now appeared an exorbitant price—a little boracic powder. Next morning I told the driver so. He denied it. The years passed.

When I came back to Havana, I looked for him in all quarters where drivers congregated; I left messages for him without effect; I turned down many volunteers, for Castro's bombs were frightening

away the tourists and there was much unemployment. The man I remembered might be a swindler, but he had been a good guide to the shadier parts of Havana, and I had no desire for a dull and honest man to be my daily companion on this long trip. One night, when I had decided to wait no longer, I went to the Shanghai Theatre. When I came out into the dingy street, I saw a number of taxis drawn up. A driver advanced towards me. "I have to apologize humbly. You had reason. It *was* boracic powder. Three years ago I was deceived, too. The accursed newspaper seller. A swindler, señor. I trusted him. I give you back the five shillings. . . ." In the course of the tour which followed he made a better profit than he had lost. Every hotel, every restaurant, every cantina paid him his commission. I never saw him on my two next visits to the island. Perhaps he was able to retire on his gains.

There was one place in Cuba to which we were unable to drive—Santiago, the second city of the island. This was now the military headquarters in the operations against Fidel Castro, who made periodic sorties from the mountains with his handful of men. It was the beginning of the heroic period. The Oriente Province almost to the last man, woman, and child (I say child advisedly) was on the side of Fidel. There were military roadblocks all round the capital of Oriente and every foreigner arriving by private car was suspect. An unofficial curfew began at nine in the evening, dangerous to ignore; there were arbitrary arrests, and often when day broke, a man's body would be found hanging from a lamppost. That was a lucky victim. One building had an unsavoury reputation because of the screams which could be heard in the street outside, and after Santiago had fallen to Fidel a cache of mutilated bodies was found in the country outside the city bounds.

Not long before, the United States Ambassador, who had the unsavoury task of supporting Batista by his neutrality, had visited Santiago to be received by the Mayor. An impromptu demonstration by the women of Santiago was organized with the lightning speed that a régime of terror induces. There was no class differentiation. This was still the period of national revolt. Middle-class women and peasants joined in singing Cuban patriotic songs to the American Ambassador who watched from the balcony of the town hall. The military ordered the women to disperse. They refused. The officer in command had hoses turned on them, and the Ambassador, to his honour, broke up the party. He was not going to stand there, he said, and watch women assaulted. For this he was later rebuked by John Foster Dulles: he had committed a breach of neutrality. There was to be no Bay of Pigs during Batista's reign of terror. In the eyes of the United States Government, terror was not terror unless it came from the Left.

Later, at a diplomatic cocktail party in Havana, I referred to the American Ambassador's protest while I was talking to the Spanish Ambassador. "It was most undiplomatic," he said.

"What would you have done?"

"I would have turned my back."

The best way to go to Santiago was by plane. The night before I left I was at a late party with some Cuban friends. They were all of the middle class and all supporters of Fidel (though at least one of them has now left Cuba). One young woman there had been arrested by Batista's notorious police chief, Captain Ventura, and beaten. Another girl claimed that she was a courier for Fidel. She was going by the same plane as myself and she asked me to take in my suitcase a few sweaters and heavy socks badly needed by the men in the mountains. In Santiago the heat was tropical. There was a customs' examination at the airport, and it was easier for a foreigner to explain away the winter clothes. She was anxious for me to meet Fidel's representatives in Santiago—the genuine ones, she said, for the place was full of Batista's spies, especially the hotel where I would be staying.

Thus began a comedy of errors as absurd as anything I described later in *Our Man in Havana*. The next morning the correspondent of *Time* called on me. His magazine had instructed

by

graham greene

him to accompany me to Santiago to give me any aid I wanted. I wanted no aid, but his magazine obviously thought that I might supply a paragraph of news in one way or another. I had to get hold of the girl to warn her that I would not be alone. Unfortunately, I did not know her name or her address, nor was my host of the previous night better informed. However, he drove me to the airport, and while I waited in the bar, he watched by the entrance. Eventually he came back with the instruction that I was not to recognize her—she would telephone me in the morning at my hotel.

The hotel stood at the corner of the little main square of Santiago. On one side was the cathedral, its wall lined by shops. A couple of taxis and a horse-cab looked as if they had given up all hope of customers. Nobody came to Santiago now, except presumably the spies against whom I had been warned. The night was hot and humid; it was nearly the hour of the unofficial curfew, and the hotel clerk made no pretense of welcoming strangers. The taxis soon packed up and went, the square cleared of people, a squad of soldiers went by, a man in dirty white drill rocked himself backwards and forwards in a chair in the hall, making a small draught in the mosquitoey evening. I was reminded of Villahermosa during the persecution in Tabasco, Mexico. The smell of a police station lay over the city. I was back in what my critics imagine to be Greene-land.

While I was having breakfast next morning, there was a knock on my door—it was the *Time* correspondent accompanied by a middle-aged man in a smart gabardine suit with a businessman's smile. He was introduced as Castro's public relations man in Santiago—he seemed a world away from the guerrillas in the mountains outside. I was embarrassed, for at any moment I expected the telephone to ring. I tried to persuade him to call a little later when I was dressed. He went on talking. Then the telephone rang.

By this time I was so convinced of the danger of "spies" that I asked Mr. X and the correspondent of *Time* to leave my room while I answered the telephone. They went reluctantly. My caller was the girl who asked me to come to a certain number on San Francisco Street. Mr. X returned to the room. He told me he was convinced that I had been contacted by a Batista agent. None of his organization would have been so reckless. . . . He demanded to know what had been said to me on the telephone.

I was irritated. I had never asked to be involved. I indicated that so far as I was concerned he might himself be a Batista agent. It was an impasse and he left.

"SECRET SERVICE COMEDY"

Now my problem was to find the street. I felt afraid even to consult the hotel clerk. I went into the square and sat down in one of the two forlorn taxis. Before I had time to speak to the driver, a Negro, flashily dressed, took the seat beside him. "I speak British. I show you where you want to go." If any a man was a Batista informer, I thought, this was the one.

"Oh," I said vaguely, "I want to see the city, the points of interest"—and off we went, down the hill to the port, (Continued on page 163)



ALLEGRA KENT...

...of The New York City Ballet...of the wonderful long long legs and tremendous blue-grey eyes. Delicious as Terpsichore in Apollo. She is Terpsichore...luminous, playful, doing what she loves...dancing...practising...being with her children.



She charms everyone....Allegra, on point, in two blowy little georgette midis....Above left: champagne with a V neck and ruffled Empire waist. Phoenix full-length body stocking....Above: a green Empire, ruffled at the shoulders. Both dresses by Leo Narducci. Of Dacron (Klopman fabric). Each, about $80. At Lord & Taylor. Full-length body stocking by Sapphire. Coiffures by Ara Gallant.

Great little looks at great little prices . . . all worn by Twiggy

It's Twiggy!—everybody's sweetie-tweetie-pie—doll-eyed, reed-slim. Long-haired now, and full of plots and plans for books and movies and fun and games, all sorts of pies in the sky.

$95 brings on the gypsies, *left*, in a bash of bright cotton peasant prints—long pattern-on-pattern skirt with a dust-ruffle hem; short printed coat-dress over a peachy shirt of Dacron and cotton. All: Pat Ashley for Craig (Peter Pan fabric). Junior sizes. Franklin Simon; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Hat: Hunting World. Choker by Margaret Brown. Stuart Albucker belts. Capezio boots. Bob Kelly hairpiece.

$65 for an evening on the town, *right:* little puckered black dress, short and covered, with floppy ruffles spilling over the hands—a luv the way Twiggy wears it, with black-striped stockings and giant black pompons. Marshall Klugman for S.T.J. Of Lycra and nylon. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Shillito's; L. S. Ayres; Miss Magnin. Scarf by Echo. Tights: Hudson by Chadbourn. Shoes by Pappagallo. Bernard Abrams pompons. All of Twiggy's coiffures, these ten pages, by Ara Gallant.

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE

MORE DASH THAN CASH

Twiggy in prints—up to here, down to there

$38 buys up all the flowers of the field, *right*—tiny brown, black, and white ones bunched together on a long, full-skirted dress in a double-print cotton....And don't you love Twiggy under the El Bandito sombrero with pieces-of-print hanging like crazy curls? Pat Ashley for Craig. Peter Pan fabric. Junior sizes. At Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Joseph Horne; L. S. Ayres. Mr. John hat. Ruza Creations choker. Belts: Odyssey, Elegant. Mary Smith bracelet. Capezio boots. Bob Kelly hairpiece.

$65 bags a jungle beastie, *far right*—the miniest crêpe tunic-dress, showing bare arms through slashed sleeves, beige-and-brown spots everywhere else. Terrific with shiny brown legs—ditto with the spotted pants that ride along for the price. Bill Tice for Royal Robes. Celanese acetate and rayon (Fisher & Gentile fabric). Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Shillito's; Harzfeld's. Mary Smith beaded bracelet. Sarah Smithers velvet belt. The mane thing: Helene Curtis synthetic hairpiece, arranged by Ara Gallant.

MORE DASH
THAN CASH

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE

MORE DASH
THAN CASH

Twiggy slinks on— white to the floor, pink to the thigh

$56 to play the princess in the tower, *left,* in a long languorous white dress with long narrow sleeves, just zipped up the front...and then all that long, golden Rapunzel hair that Ara dreamed up for Twiggy with masses of falls, pieces, et cetera. Dress by Kloss-Pruzan of Antron nylon. Henri Bendel; Higbee's; Sakowitz; Miss Magnin. Belt by Calderon.

$16 for a little Grecian yearn, *right*—the softest pink slither of toga, with slit-open sleeves caught at the wrists and a tiny ripple around the hem. Ruth Manchester. Of polyester. Abraham & Straus; B. Forman. Silver belt by Margaret Brown. Both pages: Helene Curtis synthetic hairpieces.



Twiggy—hello sweet prints

$110 and the gypsy dances, *left,* in the freshest green-and-white checks: the full skirt is tiered and the three-cornered shawl ties around the waist, around the shoulders, anywhere. Mario Forte; Dacron and cotton. Best & Co.; Higbee's; Hudson's. Choker by Bruce Rudow. Tights: Christian Dior. Shoes by Pappagallo.

$75 for prints charming—two of them. *right:* patterns of red, yellow, and white cotton knit flounced almost to the ankle; tiny pouffed-sleeve top and wide elasticized waistband. Mazza & van Helsdingen. At Henri Bendel. Bruce Rudow bracelets. Tights: Christian Dior. Shoes: Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bob Kelly hairpieces here and at left.

$45 slinks off with the snake, *far right:* long and sinuous reptile-printed dress in layers of brown-yellow-beige acetate. By Ruth Bekker. Henri Bendel; B. Forman; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Belt: Elegant. Pappagallo shoes. Fashion Tress synthetic hairpieces.

MORE DASH THAN CASH

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE









Twiggy in a heyday of little knits

$46 keeps you in stitches, *opposite:* cross-stitch pattern on top and a scrunchy, nubble-stitch skirt—pale-bone cotton and linen baby-sweater dress, with thigh-high socks. Juliano Knits. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Frost Bros.; The Denver; I. Magnin. Mary Smith choker. Socks: Bewitching. Edith Imre synthetic braids.

$24 in geometric figures, *above left:* purple, green, and white cotton knit—looks just like a jumper with its white ribbed sleeves. Pinky and Dianne for Hang Ups. Junior sizes. Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Joel Ronez belt.

$24 picks a peach, *above right*—soft jersey shirtdress that buttons almost to the waist, falls to mid-calf. Carol Horn for Benson & Partners, in peach-coloured rayon and cotton. Lord & Taylor; Dey Bros.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Chain belt by Estancia. Here and above left: Schiaparelli tights; Amalfi shoes; Reid-Meredith hairpieces.

$40 sees you through a little eyelet, *below left:* string-coloured mini knit with a scattering of eyelet flowers and full sleeves. Daniel Hechter for Fox Run; acrylic and linen. Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Socks: Bewitching. Bob Kelly hairpiece; Reid-Meredith braids.

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE

MORE DASH THAN CASH



BACKA

THE REAL CAUSES... WHAT DOCTORS

The common backache is far too common. To many doctors backaches, rightly, come from lack of exercise, from weak muscles. Before treating such backaches, most doctors rule out by thorough diagnosis neurological, mechanical, psychological, and other causes, including arthritis, infections, and diseases of the backbones.

DR. HANS KRAUS, associate professor of physical medicine and rehabilitation at the School of Medicine, New York University, New York City, and author of *Backache, Stress and Tension,* published by Simon & Schuster, said: "Eighty per cent of all backaches are caused by underexercise and overstress. Some persons are more exposed to back-muscle strain leading to painful episodes. Physically *inactive* people are apt to age earlier and they are less equipped to handle daily stresses. In women, backaches come primarily after they have given birth and when in menopause. Tension caused by lack of sufficient physical outlet and overirritation may often be a factor in producing stiff necks, headaches, duodenal ulcers, diabetes, and heart disease. Civilization makes it impossible for us to act out the bodies' fight-or-flight responses. We seethe. Because we can not hit or run away when irritated, tension builds up. Properly prescribed exercises will help. In some cases, patients need the assistance of other specialists—orthopaedists, endocrinologists, neurologists, internists, or psychiatrists. A change in the life situation may be necessary. Patients with backaches need standard X-rays plus full medical evaluations to eliminate systemic diseases.

Backache causes: often underexercise and overstress . . . .

"Patients with back pains often have localized and exquisitely tender spots called trigger points, first extensively described by Dr. Max Lange more than fifty years ago. (Many physicians in recent years have also written about them.) These trigger points occur in different parts of the body especially in the neck, shoulders, upper and lower back, and the hip muscles.

"Sometimes patients are quite disappointed when they find out that the muscles are the cause of their pain; they think muscles are less glamorous than discs. Treatment may consist of injection of trigger points with procaine and a series of special exercises adapted to the needs of the patient. Such exercises often begin under the guidance of a therapist and when the patient is able to do these exercises alone, the patient must continue them later at home. And for life."

DR. ABRAHAM N. FRANZBLAU, psychiatrist, said: "Backaches must frequently be placed in the category of psychosomatic ailments. Just as some patients subconsciously choose to act out their hidden frustrations, hostilities, anxieties, and tensions by developing

Modify life situation

headaches, ulcers, colitis, or asthma, the backache group chooses a weakened muscular area in the back as the disguised target of their frustrations. Exercises and injections, alone, may not help the patient. A change of life situation, or at least a significant modification of it, may be necessary, perhaps in addition to some psychiatric help, if the causes are to be removed.

"Such ailments are slow to build up. They usually result from a series of episodes which leave small unhealed residuals. Then, suddenly, moving a heavy chair may set off an attack, which appears all out of proportion to the immediate cause.

"It is interesting that not only laymen have backaches but also psychoanalysts, who are certainly aware of tensions and anxieties in others. Dr. Hans Kraus has treated dozens of them. He advises them to try to achieve total relaxation after each patient hour. One way is by *sitting down,* lifting their hands high above their head while taking a deep breath, and then throwing their trunk forward, expelling their breath and jiggling their lower jaw. This can not be done when one is tense, but if successful, produces complete relaxation. The next patient can then be seen without adding on the physical tensions produced by the last one. With more severe symptoms, more involved procedures may be necessary, of course. The interesting thing about it is that even psychiatrists are not exempt from the hazards of hidden hostilities, anxieties, or tensions."

DR. ROBERT S. SIFFERT, professor and chairman of the Department of Orthopaedics at The Mount Sinai School of Medicine, and director of the Department of Orthopaedics at The Mount Sinai Hospital,

BY ALLENE TALMEY

BACKACHES CAN DO FOR YOU

in New York City, said: "As a general rule, to prevent structural backache, *never* bend forward. Don't bend, squat. If you must bend forward or work in that position and therefore can not squat, you can relieve back strain by placing one foot on a stool or a block. Although supple, loose-jointed, or athletic persons can often easily touch their toes, a good, general rule for the average sedentary person is: Don't strain to touch your toes with your fingers. The back is a mechanical structure much like a flexible bamboo coat hanger from which the body organs hang.

"Although treatment of acute back pain is important, major attention should be directed towards the problem of prevention of mechanical backaches. This may be done at times with careful, special exercises to prevent fatigue of the back and abdominal muscles. There must be good muscle tone. There must be no overweight. Everyone should sleep on a firm mattress or a bed board. Those who sleep on mattresses like hammocks frequently wake with backaches.

"It is important to understand the mechanical structure of the spine: Imagine two small blocks, the vertebrae, with a disc in between. That disc is a shock absorber like a grape. In time, with abuse or by irritation, that grape may lose its tone and become like a raisin, leaving the back with a sprainable 'weak link.' The words 'herniated,' 'ruptured,' or 'slipped' describe another kind of condition when a portion of the disc is displaced against a nerve of the leg causing sciatica. That condition is also mechanical and up to 95 per cent of patients with that kind of disc do not need operations. The major reason to operate on a disc is to relieve pressure on a *nerve.*

Never bend forward . . . squat

"Phase I in treatment of an 'acute' backache is relief of pain. It is vital when acute backache occurs to put the patient to bed, perhaps prescribe traction as that will keep the patient immobile. Take the strain off the back for whatever weeks are needed. Once pain is relieved, Phase II comes into play: The important aspect is prevention. Exercises may be given—but only certain ones and those primarily to avoid fatigue, support the abdomen, and prevent static strains of daily life. A medical corset or brace may help during the acute phase. If the corset comes *above* the rib cage, its purpose will be instructive: to prevent bending.

"When someone gets a persistent backache, panic often sets in since everyone knows—or is told by well-meaning friends—of patients requiring fusion and of interminable time span before relief. These days few operations are performed to fuse the spine in the presence of slipped discs. A relatively small number of patients who have had a slipped disc removed may find that they are left with persistent backache due to residual instability that may require fusion.

"For most patients with recurrent backaches from mechanical causes nature is generally kind and time will generally heal the wound as she does others. Acute attacks generally can be avoided on a preventative regime. Remember never to bend forward."

A WELL-KNOWN ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, said: "Most backaches are caused by weakness in the muscles of the trunk. The machinery is complicated as bones, muscles, and ligaments must work together. For many patients, all they need after proper diagnosis are special exercises for the muscles —not the Canadian Air Force exercises. These special exercises should be done first with the doctor or his therapist, with the patient continuing them later alone. If pain is severe, exercises may have to wait until the treatment of the pain takes effect. The patient may need bed rest, and some kind of back support, until the exercises can be started and have taken effect. (Putting the patient into traction is often a means of keeping the patient tied up and quiet while the bed rest goes on.) Of course, the patient must have limited bed rest or else the muscles are further weakened. *Note:* There are a few patients with a special kind of mental disease accompanied by hysterical backaches.

Special exercises for back muscles

"There are three groups of patients who may or may not be helped by manipulative therapy. These include: (1) Those with acute, sudden back pain. (2) Those with sciatic pain. (3) Those with chronic backache who have tensions, anxieties, hostilities undischarged. After manipulative therapy, these patients may feel better for a short time, but the anxieties must be treated before full recovery can be made. Both emotional stress and fatigue can make backaches worse. It is important to realize that the presence of minor variations in the spinal structure is quite normal."

People are TALKING about

. . . Laos, which Russell Baker described as a "fertile area of opium surrounded by the C.I.A." . . . The static quality of life here with all the old problems, the old solutions, but only new names at the bottom of reports. . . . The movie *The Boys in the Band,* funny, dirty, vicious, malicious, acutely directed, remarkably acted, with its homosexual plot both tense and explicit. . . . *The White House Murder Case,* Jules Feiffer's Off-Broadway play that would fit on the head of a pin and consists largely of manic non sequiturs laid end to end; during a Cabinet crisis over the use of a "peace gas" that has counter-achieved because of a change of wind, killing 750 troops, all ours, a Presidential advisor, asked "Are you loyal?" snaps back, "I'm a doctor." . . . Terry Riley's octagon-shaped Time-Lag Accumulator which gathers sounds made by people passing through what looks like a pride of telephone booths at New York's Automation House, where the Accumulator plays back the mixed noise.

People are talking about...

The fascination of the experiments in scale with stacks of lumber and steel assembled by Robert Morris, dancer, critic, and artist, at the Whitney Museum in New York. . . . The holding power of the new novel The Best of Families *by Ellin Berlin who has a feel for character. . . . The idiocy of the new movie* The Adventurers. . . . *The almost one hundred paintings of masterpiece quality in the exhibition "One Hundred Years of Impressionism: A Tribute to Durand-Ruel" at the Wildenstein Gallery for the benefit of the New York University Art Collection.*

People are talking about...

A middle-aged, civilized French love story, *Love Is a Funny Thing,* a movie dependent wholly and cleverly on Annie Girardot and Jean-Paul Belmondo, directed in the American Southwest by Claude Lelouch who has made his Americans corny and stupid and nice with the police gentle nannies. . . . *John B. Sebastian,* a new, cheerborne album of songs, especially "How Have You Been," written for three children who welcomed Sebastian to his own Sag Harbor house not knowing that he owned it; before offering them a turtle found on the Long Island Expressway, he sang: "Now sit yourselves down in a pile here." . . . The quick put-down around the country: "Quasimodo is here." . . . The happy, powerful sound of the young Arkansan Brenda Patterson singing on the record "Keep On Keepin' On," backed by the Redbone group, four American Indians, with the whole bunch a boom.

PETE HAMILL, a soft, handsome Brooklyn Irishman disguised as a tough writer, has pounced now into the light. He is a reactor, emotional, vital, laughing, whose syndicated newspaper column is violent, filled with his own shock, sometimes with his disgust, and almost always with a healthy exaggeration. Whatever he writes turns out to be neither cool think pieces nor equally cool reportage. They are always heated up. Never objective, always subjective, laying down a solid layer of fact like linoleum, Pete Hamill, who is now in his early thirties, wrote one novel, *A Killing for Christ,* that never took off in the bookstores, has finished an original screenplay, *Doc,* about Doc Holliday, that old Western friend of Wyatt Earp. Frank Perry will be filming it this summer. Now Hamill is almost done with his second screenplay, a dramatization of the Daniel Lang book *Casualties of War,* its subject Viet Nam. A dark-humoured man, Hamill said: "We talk about the Mob while the Mafia is selling off New Jersey to the Russians."



PENN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

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1. JACK NICHOLSON, who hit the top suddenly ("I'll never have *better* reviews") as the drinking, cackling Southern lawyer in *Easy Rider*, won't stop until he's hit top, too, as a writer and as a director. Exploring dress-up and how clothes flash broad images, Nicholson put together the piled-on, no-suitcase wardrobe he wore in the film, will work out his clothes for the next one *(Five Easy Pieces)* as well. His hands are other quick-signalling devices, interpret everything he says. Handsome, New Jersey born, with unsettling light-brown eyes and the grin of a juvenile lead, Nicholson is serious about his work (twelve years acting, six writing), often wry or flip about himself.

2. "ART OF ANCIENT ITALY," the mind-catching exhibition of Etruscan, Greek, and early Roman artifacts at the André Emmerich Gallery in New York until April 30. Shown here, a bronze cista-handle from the middle of the fourth century B.C. These magnificent objects were produced by Greek colonies and death-centred Etruscans, whose language is undeciphered—an obsessing mystery.

3. *THE KINKS* and their funny-sweet way of singing about being British. With their non-U accents and Regency looks, this rock group made up of two brothers—Ray and Dave Davies, centre—and two friends—Mick Avory, far left, and John Dalton, far right—chirrup happily about "little shops, china cups, and virginity." Quiet, remarkably observant, Ray Davies makes the words and music, has a way of getting inside people's heads, even several generations' heads in the Kinks' album-novel *Arthur:* "Snapshots," Ray Davies said, "so they won't forget."

4. THE INDIAN MINIATURE PAINTINGS at the Doris Wiener Gallery in New York through May (here, larger than life-size, "Lady Applying Tikkal," 1790-1800, by Kangra Pahari). Storybooks for the rajas, these paintings leap with detail, often link a legend with the miniature's owner. Painted from the sixteenth to early nineteenth centuries and influenced by Persian miniatures, these paintings are sensual, erotic—playthings for courtiers.

5. TEINOSUKE KINUGASA'S "JUJIRO" *(Crossroads)*, the 1928 film by the director of *The Gate of Hell*, and of "The Japanese Film," a retrospective of fifty years of Japanese movies—the majority not seen here before—at The Museum of Modern Art in New York until July 22. The films—survivors of the 1921 earthquake, the 1945 fire-raid bombings, and the subsequent film-burnings by Allied Occupation officials—are heavy on plot and stars.

PHOTOGRAPHS: 1 AND 3, JACK ROBINSON;
5, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, TOKYO

MRS. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD



A glint of a girl with gaiety and intelligence, Barbara Barnard is as tender as a nineteen-year-old (which she is) and as strong as a young woman who has recognized and accepted both the adulation and the hate mail that her husband, the first of those remarkable surgeons who have transplanted the human heart, receives. She moves easily with the world, speaks English, French, German, and Afrikaans, and is, in South Africa, a for-granted friend to Dr. Barnard's children. With her yards of springing brown-gold hair, her on-beat way of dressing (this cotton knit pullover and wool pants, by Valentino), her tall, long-legged vitality, she looks what she is: an auspicious sign of the 'seventies.





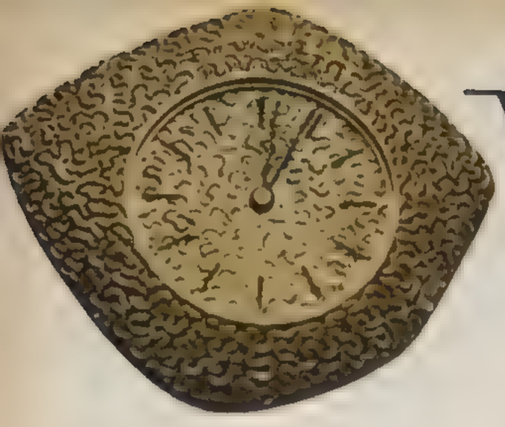


MAURICE HOGENBOOM

HOW THE TIME FLIES

Give a watch enough chain—a chain with knots and jewels and links and twists—and watch the time fly. The way Marisa Berenson does, *left,* with a marvellous jade-faced pocket watch set in a double disc of gold, swinging around on its gold-and-coral chain among layers of beads and scarfs; her own shiny brown snakeskin weskit and a big, squashy, feathered suède hat. . . . *Above,* more pocket watches out of pocket and chained. Starting with the jade watch from the opposite page, and running clockwise: a white-gold face, circled with diamonds, and set in a white gold rim . . . next, a watch dialed lapis, with Roman numerals, ringed by diamonds and gold . . . third, a double collar of diamonds worn by a turquoise watch in a gold setting . . . fourth, a tiger's eye in a twist-of-gold frame—dangling squarely from its own link-barred chain with tiger's-eye tassels. All watches and chains by Piaget. At Van Cleef & Arpels; Bailey Banks & Biddle; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Andrea Aranow for Dakota Transit. Marisa's coiffure, Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon. Her face sunned up with John Robert Powers's new Bossa Nova Translucent Color Base and Pink Smoke lipstick. All watches: Swiss movements.

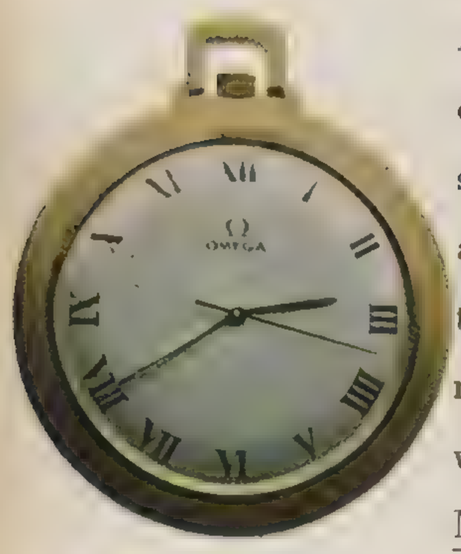
PENN



WHERE THE TIME GOES









Full fathom five is where the time goes, opposite: Underwater watches, gold or stainless steel, with illuminated faces, date windows, elapsed-time indicators on the rims to let you know how long you've been down, when to come up. . . . *Top row, left to right:* Stopwatch with separate recorders for seconds, minutes, hours. Movado,* $175. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . The big steel with a clearly marked black face. Neptune,* $25. At Lambert Bros. . . . Automatic, round gold skin-diver with a brushed gold face. Bueche Girod,* $590. At Cartier. *Middle row, left to right:* The big red face —automatically shows time, day, date. Seiko, $70. At Bloomingdale's. . . . Steel calendar watch with fluorescent hands. Universal Geneve,* $150. At Altman's. . . . Orange-circled, black-faced watch set in bevelled steel. Longines Ultra-Chron,* $175. At Tourneau. *Bottom row, left to right:* Blue-dialed automatic watch in a rounded square of steel. Movado,* $165. At Georg Jensen. . . . Black-and-blue tuning fork watch—no ticks, just an electronic hum. Universal Geneve,* $250. At Altman's. Black and steel shapes a big round Rolex* watch; thirty jewels. $265. Abercrombie & Fitch. Meanwhile, back on dry land, this page—watches to pocket, belt, chain, et cetera. . . . *Top to bottom:* Gold pocket watch, worked and shaped like a shell —wonderful to hold in your hand. Patek Philippe.* 18-k., 18 jewels. $785. At Tiffany. *Second,* outsize diamond-pipped numerals on black in a round of ridged white gold. Lucien Piccard,* $625. At Merrin Jewelers. *Third,* oval of polished gold with a sapphire crown and white enamel dial. Audemars Piguet.* 18-k. $970. At Tiffany. *Fourth,* a sun-round of brushed gold, lettered in black. Omega,* $185. Bloomingdale's. *Fifth,* small gold rectangle —polished on the narrowing rim, pebbled on the face. Baume & Mercier,* $275. At Bergdorf Goodman. *Sixth,* slanting numerals on white enamel, set in a gold oval. Bueche Girod,* $550. At Cartier.

*SWISS MOVEMENT

HOGENBOOM



BEAUTY
bulletin

THE HAIR THAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT

Real cool face has new friend

See that cool-looking face, *left?* It announces good health, good care, good inner her. It's as polished in its ways as the amaranth, the mythical flower that never fades. And it plans to keep its own bloom with the help of quite real Amaranthe, a delicious new treatment and makeup system designed expressly for nonstop outdoor women who want neither to fade nor to spend too much time on face cultivation. Just such a creature is responsible for Amaranthe: Dina Merrill, that eternally-cool-looking blond movie beauty with the famously flawless elegance. Dina's just completed her latest movie, *The Walking Major,* in Japan. Walking is one thing she majors in—plus skiing plus swimming plus tennis plus motherhood plus being Mrs. Cliff Robertson. Plus un-complicating things like skin maintenance and embellishment. Her cosmetics collection embodies her philosophy. Keep it simple. Make it natural. Makeup is to enhance, not to hide. Beauty works from the inside out. Amaranthe makeup lets the glow show through. . . . Everything Amaranthe has moisture in it: moisture mascara, moisture eye stick, moisturized lipstick. Moisture Mantle films on under makeup, has a built-in sunscreen. Transparent Tan's a gel that moisturizes while it colours. Even frothy Creme Soap is gentle—and moistily untautening, for women who like to use soap but feel it sometimes leaves skin up tight. . . . Everything Amaranthe looks like Dina, which is a real cool way to look.

"SUN DIAL" COOL-RAY POLAROID SUNGLASSES.
NEW LENSES BLOCK OUT GLARE WITHOUT CUTTING OUT LIGHT.

BERRY BERENSON

Mix 5 tablespoons of sugar into 5 tablespoons of water. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it and cook slowly, over a very low flame. Stir attentively until it turns caramel colour. Then pour onto a plate and, while it's still quite warm, work it into a ping-pong-sized ball. Press the ball firmly into your skin, pull it up sharply, extracting excess hair with it.

Elsa Peretti, the peripatetic model and jewellery designer, brought this recipe back from the Far East. It's a Moslem recipe that Arab women use to keep their bodies as unfuzzed, as purely polished as a Brancusi marble; a clue to their reverence for cleanliness, which means not only freedom from dirt but from down—the kind of uncompromising spotlessness that's demanded all over right now. The kind lionized below in a detail from an ancient Greek vase, a beast thoroughly depilated except for the huge ruff-mane at his neck.

Designer Rudi Gernreich urges us to defoliate our scalps and brows and eyelids. Biologists assure us that our descendants will not have to worry about that. Hair is a vestigial protective matter, which eventually will disappear.

Meanwhile, here we are, back at the hair ranch, raising unsolicited hair. In *Man,* a new textbook by Richard J. Harrison and William Montagna, the authors comment on current hair mores. "Men and women pamper the scalp hair at the same time they savagely attack that which grows elsewhere. The quintessence of femininity demands a totally naked skin except for scalp, eyebrows, eyelashes, and mons veneris. All other hair is unwanted and the fastidious woman must scrupulously depilate the shins and the axillae. *Yet she must not shave her face but must remove any excess hair here with other devices.*"

Wanton hair uprisings are routine procedure for any female who's passed puberty. They get especially out of order after menopause. They sprout mischievously above the mouth and under the chin. They flourish on the limbs, often encircle the nipples, and sometimes sport about most unsportingly—on abdomen and thighs.

Aside from the Moslem formula detailed above, which is time consuming and requires practice, how does a Playgirl of the Western World go about keeping it clean? There's a great deal of good news here; a list follows—in (Continued)





Good nudes

The perfectly nude leg.
No hair. No stubble.
No trouble at all because
it's been waxed to a high gloss.
(Or shaved. Or pumiced.)
It's one long, smooth, silky flow
of colour: swept on with Clinique's
Bronze Gel makeup and shimmering
on unstainingly until it gets
soaped off....The perfectly
supporting cast: white
patent-leather espadrilles,
square across instep, with
rope soles; by Mancini
for Givenchy.

MARTINET

BEAUTY
bulletin

(Continued) categories placed somewhat in order of easiness.

Bleaching: Obviously for dark hair, fine facial and arm hair. You can "do-it-yourself" by mixing 30% peroxide with a little ammonia and water, then swabbing it onto the target. . . . More sophisticated measures include Jolen Creme Bleach, which has a long reputation for obscuring fuzz without irritating even the most tender skin. . . . The research laboratories of Madame Nina have been helping girls out since 1907. Now they've worked up a surprisingly gentle solution to "lip shadow" called Nina Blanchair. It contains no stinging ammonia, it's prettily fragranced, and it colours hair skin-tone in under 10 minutes.

Shaving: "*There are,*" said *Today's Health* magazine after consultation with the A.M.A., "*no actual medical reasons against using one of the simplest methods of all for removing dark, coarse hair from the face—shaving it off with a blade or electric razor.*"

"But shaving causes hair to grow in coarser, faster, darker," many women hold. Medical knowledge says no—it does not. "If cutting or shaving hair permanently stimulated hair growth, shaving the male scalp would have become a very popular custom," wrote Dr. Howard T. Behrman, a noted New York dermatologist.

What does happen is that, as one grows older, errant hair growth accelerates, hair coarsens and darkens. And one does, inevitably, grow older between one shave and the next. Furthermore, new hair from a shaved pore emerges blunt-cut, rather than tapered, which is hair's natural construction. That's what makes for stubble, gives the impression of more bristle.

So shave on with safety or electric razor. It's (Continued on page 34)

Faces like it hot

The lathering up going on below is definitely not for shaving. Smart girl's turning the heat on down-deep impurities. And liking it enormously. The Egyptians, the Romans, the Aztecs, and modern-day dermatologists agree that heat not only improves a face's morale, but it activates skin treatments, helps them get to the bottom of the problem, all to the good of skin veneer—and yours, too. . . . Here now to raise the Fahrenheit: Geminesse Thermostatic Treatments by Max Factor, a new experience that will warm the heart of the crankiest epidermis. They're the result of some marvellous chemical happenings that allow heat to develop instantly on its way out of aerosol container. . . . Shake the container, push the button, and out tumble luscious dollops of toasty marshmallow Thermal Facial Cleanser (see it below). It's melt at first touch for the most perverse soil and makeup. . . . Shake another Geminesse aerosol—and out steams a heated spray of Thermal Beauty Oil, a quintessence of rare emollient oils and moisturizers that move right in and give your skin a lot of pretty young ideas. . . . So warm up—and bask.

SOME LIKE IT COLD. SPRING A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH UP. NEW COOLTH IS ON THE WAY: GEMINESSE COOLING FACIAL FRESHENER BY MAX FACTOR. A SPARKLING CREW OF SPRING-COLD MINERAL WATERS AND NON-DRYING SKIN CONDITIONERS. IT HAS DUAL AEROSOL CONTROLS. ONE BUTTON DELIVERS A GENTLE MIST TO SET MAKEUP OR REFRESH IT. THE OTHER SENDS FORTH A MORE PUSHY JET FOR ENLIVENING HYDRO-MASSAGE.



PENN



BEAUTY

bulletin

Quick chic for hair: the 30-second coif

30-second coif for day, right. Ingredients: a hairbrush and a well-kept head. Yannick Gnoli, who is half-French, half-Vietnamese, has the ingredients and her hair travels well. She keeps her long dusky mane smoothed and shined, lets it do what comes naturally: float straight down from a centre part, a very effective arrangement with the exquisite curve of her features, and her near-black eyes. Her hair maintenance program is the simplest. A weekly shampoo. And always a hat to protect it from the sun that shines on the sailing-fishing-horseback life she leads around her Balearic Island sea-cliff house with her husband, the Italian sculptor and painter Domenico Gnoli. . . . Keeping track of the seconds here: an enchanting pendant watch by Sheffield, dropping from a golden collar that's half-polished, half-twisted. About $45. At Best & Co.; all the Bullock's. Scarfs by Echo. Hair—Chany for Freelancers.

30-second coif for evening, left. Ingredients: a pair of chignons and a gilded net. The young Italian beauty Benedetta Barzini is the demonstrator here. Two big buns are pinned, one behind each ear, to hair that's drawn back taut—gleaming addenda to the glitter of the gold lamé net, which drapes snugly between the chignons. Sergio Valente designed this head, a spectacular that, with the right equipment, can set you up for a gala in nothing flat.

Benedetta Barzini

Mrs. Domenico Gnoli

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

ELISABETTA CATALANO







finnish delight

FUN, PEOPLE, SAUNAS

BY SIMONA MORINI

Finnish—like Basque, Hungarian, and Estonian—is not an Indo-European language and sounds like Japanese spoken by an Italian.

Finland—or *Suomi* in Finnish—is 71 per cent forest, 9 per cent water (60,000 lakes and 30,000 islands), and, with 4,678,000 inhabitants, is one of the least populated countries in Europe.

Finland gave the vote to women as early as 1906, second only to Australia.

Finland is one of the northernmost countries in the world, but owing to the Gulf Stream and to the prevalence of moist west and southwest winds, the climate in Finland is less severe than it is in corresponding latitudes: for instance, in Alaska.

An Elizabethan historian wrote: "Finlande is called a fayre countrye, because it is more pleasanter than Swecia. . . . Much wine is transported thither, out of Spayne, by the sea Balthic, which the people of the Countrye much desireth, only to exhillerat their myndes. . . . The Finnons have continual warres wyth the Muscovites in the arm or bosome of the sea Finnonicus: using in Summer the ayde of Shyppes, and in Wynter they combat upon the Ice. . . . The Inhabitants of Fynlande do speak two sundry languages. . . . Wherefore in many places their Preachers doo preache and interpretate the Scriptures in both tongues."

In a history of the sauna, it says: "Due to the high moral standard of the Finns, the sauna has not degenerated, as did the ancient Roman bath, into a centre of debauchery: The sauna is as holy as a church."

Fine. But what *is* Finland, who are the Finns? I don't know, really, although I drank with them much excellent "wine transported thither" out of France; froze there a little, in spite of "the prevalence of moist west and southwest winds"; luxuriated in Finland's greatest haven from cold and gloom: the sauna. I went as far as Lapland, and lunched on smoked reindeer tongue in an inn crossed by the Arctic Circle.

"Please, don't come during *kamos* time," my Finnish friend, a small woman with up-tilted grey eyes, said. She is a wildlife conservationist who is ashamed of wearing a sealskin coat, although she hasn't yet decided how to survive the Finnish winter without fur.

"Why did you come in *kamos* time?" was the anxious question I received from many Helsinkians. Perhaps I remained essentially ignorant of Finland because of the *kamos*—the season with the appearance of winter without the pleasures of winter. When there is no snow for skiing and the ice is not hard enough for skating on some romantic little lake—unless one doesn't mind skating with the children in the Ice Hall; when it already takes a whole morning for the sun to gather itself into an algid, pale light that surreptitiously begins to fade away while you are still having lunch. The writer stops writing, the painter claims he can not paint, perhaps it is the best season for actors to play Hamlet—the only sensible thing to do is to resign yourself to the gloom and, if possible, loaf with your friends and drink lots of *koskenkorva,* the powerful Finnish vodka.

Kamos doesn't seem to affect rock-and-roll stars, students, and young radicals, who claim *kamos* is a state of mind of the older generation, consistent with its heavy drinking, the sauna, and the prestige still attached to the Swedish language: the first language for many Finns.

Kamos, for those for whom it does exist, unofficially ends December 6, Independence Day, when everyone in Helsinki is in sudden good humour, ready to celebrate that moment in 1917 when Finland ceased being a Russian grand duchy and became a nation. On that day, "everyone who counts"—that is, artists, writers, musicians as well as shipping tycoons, clergymen, and even Communist Party members—is invited to a reception given by the President of the Republic. Every year a number of worthy people has (Continued on page 164)

SAVUSAUNA, left, the classic Finnish smoke sauna, is heated by a birchwood fire—and the bathers doused in iced sea water. This beautiful example with its steaming brick cauldron belongs to a young Helsinki couple, Tapani and Pirkko Helminen, as does this small island in the Gulf of Finland.

22 pages photographed in Finland by EWA RUDLING

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finn lights



10

1. THE HONOURABLE URHO KEKKONEN, President of the Republic of Finland and a man for all outdoors, who takes heads of other states out to hunt elk and bear and skis with his twin sons in Lapland. With his writer wife, Sylvi (most famous novel, *Amalia*), he slips from the government palace to an island house with these Finnish constants: water view, birches and pines, a soothing spareness—all luxury in the sauna.

2. RAKEL WIHURI, who applies her gusto and money to a hospital, a physics research centre, scholarships, music prizes and raises orchids on her veranda—all because she's "just chairman of the board" for family shipping fleets and factories.

3. TAMARA LUND, first soprano of Suomen Kansallis Ooppera, the Finnish National Opera, who has violet eyes, long red hair (here hidden under black curls for *Carmen*), shares with her husband, the tenor Aatos Tapala, a double love: music and Tero, their three-year-old son.

4. ARTTURI I. VIRTANEN, chemist, Nobel Prize winner, a shy, stoic professor who found a way to keep fodder green and Finland's butter and cheese fresh, may help to solve world nutrition problems by replacing protein that milk cows need with chemicals salvaged from wood wastes that now pollute.

5. ALVAR AALTO, the international architect who said, "Man's work belongs to nature and is a part of it," has made his virile, austere, organically functional buildings part of Finland's modern landscape. Vain, elegant, obstinate, at seventy-two Aalto can be cannily eccentric.

6. DR. ZAIDA ERIKSSON-LIHR, pediatrician and allergist, who founded Finland's unique Hospital for Allergic Diseases. It's allergy-proof to the detergents in the laundry; flowers are forbidden. At ease in Spain where at seventy-five she is retired, she remains intrepid, feminine.

7. ANKI LINDQUIST, green eyes, chestnut hair, who at twenty-five has been a television producer-director for three years (first show: *Youth for the Hell of It*). She sings pop in nine languages, is a pop-music-festival freak (rare Finn), loves the sea and fishing—alone on an island.

8. KRISTINA HAUTALA AND UFO—five good-looking, muscled young men who back up the rock songs Kristina writes and sings. All six are students, play together on weekends.

9. PENTTI SAARIKOSKI, poet, writer, Finnish-language partisan, and Communist politician, Saarikoski said he compiled an Italian grammar without knowing the language, then used it himself for a translation. He put *Ulysses* into Finnish while sitting in a Dublin pub, "to get the feeling of Joyce."

10. MARJA AARNIO-WIHURI, whose husband, Antti Aarnio-Wihuri, is Rakel Wihuri's son. Mother of three children, she is also a pilot and the best woman elk hunter in Finland. At her eighteenth-century country house, the steaks are reindeer.

EWA RUDLING

finn swoop

Yrjö Kukkapuro, the Finnish designer of bold, simple furniture, shares this *one-room* house, with its pinned-down swoop of a roof, set in a sweep of pine woods outside Helsinki, with his wife, Irmaeli, a painter, and their daughter, Iisa. The Kukkapuros work in the bright open space that in summer lets in birds and rabbits. Almost everything is movable. Even the stove is on wheels—it can be pushed into the garden. Clothes are stored in big cardboard standing boxes. And at night the Kukkapuros unwind a large roll of corrugated cardboard as a screen around their beds.



The remarkable one-room family house of the Finnish designer Yrjö Kukkapuro

Above: The Kukkapuros' one-room house without walls. *Below, left:* Iisa at her father's desk, the only piece of furniture in the house not designed by Mr. Kukkapuro. *Second from left:* The room seen from the entrance. The lamp hovering over the sofa throws different coloured lights onto the sloping ceiling. *Centre:* Mrs. Kukkapuro with her dog, Nasu. *Second from right:* Another view of the lone room. The bathroom is contained in a cylinder at the centre of the room. On the far right in the photograph, Mrs. Kukkapuro's work space. *Right:* Mr. Kukkapuro at his desk. Mrs. Kukkapuro said: "We live like animals in the woods, hiding from the snow under a shelter."





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finlandia




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1. KRISTINA HAUTALA, Finland's small, freckled, and beautiful nineteen-year-old top pop singer whose group, the UFO, is shown on page 129.

2. ARMI RATIA, the bold-eyed designer who began Marimekko, the famous textile-design house, and whose dresses and materials first flashed Finnish fashions to the United States. Soft-voiced and unbusinesslike, Armi Ratia signs her cables, "Love, Marimekko."

3. PROFESSOR AARNO RUUSUVUORI, the startling, red-haired architect of Finnish churches and a widely copied sauna. Put off by the demands of teaching, Ruusuvuori stays close to the drafting board, planning his careful, purist buildings.

4. VIVICA BANDLER, the controversial, brilliant Finnish stage director who began the Finnish-language advance theatre Lilla Teatern in 1955. Now director of the Stadsteatern in Stockholm, she asks her actors: "Can't you forget for a moment you are Scandinavians and *move* a little?"

5. HEIKKI RIIHIRANTA, the crafty twenty-year-old ice-hockey player whose defense has made the Finnish National Team one of the top in the world.

6. ERKKI TUOMIOJA, the son of a Finnish Ambassador to France. A candidate for Parliament at twenty-three, Tuomioja is a leftist new-style politician—a city councillor who wears red socks.

7. SEIJA TYNI, a tall grey-eyed actress who has won seven first prizes as a racing driver.

8. JÖRN DONNER, writer, film critic, director, whose pale, thin, good looks and black wit have made him the uneasy centre of Helsinki's intellectual swirl.

9. MR. AND MRS. GUNNAR KORHONEN. The president of Finnair, he and his wife, Seija, love flying, rate the new Helsinki Airport as a space-age playground.

10. OKKO KAMU, a twenty-four-year-old conductor and the winner of the First International Conductors' Competition in 1969. With the looks of a rock star, Kamu when conducting sometimes holds his baton between his teeth to free his hands.

EWA RUDLING

FINN-LIGHTS ON FASHION

TWENTY FLASH NEW LOOKS PHOTOGRAPHED IN FINLAND, READY RIGHT HERE

Seija Tyni

Cool
clear North-
ern lights beamed
on the dash and flash and
slash of fashion now—some
from Finland, some from our land—
and smash in any country, any light in the world.
The giant whirligigging poncho, far left, of heavy flash-Finnish cotton striped in orange, yellow, black, and white waves is worn barelegged by Seija Tyni, a Finn-slim girl with grey eyes and a minx-y face. Married to a former racing driver, she races on her own as part of the Renault team, has acted on television and played her first movie rôle in the film "69". Fabric designed by Metsovaara for Tampella of Finland. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Sanger-Harris.
A little polka-dot midi shirtdress, near left, beige-on-brown cotton margined in beige grosgrain, and just as Finn-fresh as the girl who wears it here at Helsinki's City Theatre—willowy, blue-eyed Pirrko Onnestad a young architect, mother, and wife. The Onnestads live mainly in Paris, are building a new house in still another country, Switzerland, with architect Pirrko in charge. Dress by Oscar de la Renta Boutique. About $145. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Burdine's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Adolfo's huge straw hat. Battani canvas boots, at Best & Co. Coiffures, these fourteen pages, by Christophe Carita.

EWA RUDLING

Pirrko Onnestad

FINN-LIGHTING LEGS—FLASH OF BLACK, SLASH OF CHECKS

Bare your midriff, black out the rest, below, the way Seija does here on the stairs of the Helsinki City Theatre—ten-gallon hat, rib-knit top, shining legs, sabots. Anne Klein nylon top and pants. Top, about $16; ciré pants, about $55. Bloomingdale's; Rike's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Mimi di N belt. Olofdaughters sabots. Slash up every check in sight, right, tear right through the orange-and-yellow checked midi and let the whole world see your long legs—well-booted, like Seija's—plus matching poplin weskit and black-and-white jersey shirt. Marimekko, Design Research; in cotton. Weskit and skirt, $58; shirt, $20. Belt by Sam Cutler for Fox Hill. Battani boots, at Best & Co. Hats by Champ.

EWA RUDLING





BRIGHT WITH FINN-LIGHT—THE SNAKE-A-LEG PRINTS

Fake-a-snake jeans, far left—Pirrko in python print and a little brown T-shirt. Both by Anne Klein. Top, of Arnel; about $30. Jeans, in brown-beige-mustard cotton duck; about $55. Bloomingdale's; Higbee's; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Champ hat. Ruza Creations hatband. Belt by Elegant. Seija's pet snakes, near left—cotton velveteen pants and cotton shirt in blue-and-white reptile print—wrapped with lots of blue beads and fringed brown suede sash. By Carlo Palazzi for Jaeger. Shirt, about $46; pants, about $70. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Echo scarf. Capri beads. Elegant sash. Both girls, in Olofdaughters sabots, photographed at the Student Union Building of Dipoli Technical University.

EWA RUDLING



SUN, RAIN, AND FINN-LIGHT LOOKS

Keep your polka dots high and dry, far left—lining a beige poplin trench coat, topping the poplin-skirted dress it goes with. All-weather turnout by Frank Adams for Studio Six, of Galey & Lord Dacron and cotton. About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland. Hat by Champ. Belt by Sam Cutler for Fox Hill. Good long way to go—the double cape, centre left, crossing the Gulf of Finland aboard the bright new Finlandia: khaki-coloured poplin thrown over a black-and-white checked silk shirt, khaki miniskirt. Rain-or-shine turnout and hat by Adolfo. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. ...and a good short way, left: via Finnair jet—and a nifty little jacketed dress in a big-cat print. Ginala brown-and-white cotton turnout. About $130. Lord & Taylor; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Adolfo hat. Sheffield watch. Jump right in and give your boots a yank, above, over black velours legs—Pirrko wears the jumpsuit and boots with great Finn-esse, the way she does everything else in sight. Suomen Trikoo cotton jumpsuit. Champ hat. Ruza Creations wristband. All boots: Battani. Best & Co.

EWA RJDLING

GOOD-NIGHT LOOKS IN THE FINN-LIGHT

The freshest,
prettiest, most
delicious ways to say
good night—or good morning
—in any language, any latitude,
any place you like. The place here, and
on the next four pages: Madame Aarne Aarrio's
house on Kuusisaari Island near Helsinki, built by
Toivo Korhonen of glass, gleam, space, and birch-dapp'ed
Finn-light. Blue's so pretty when it gets a little ruff'ed—
the way it does on the midi nightdress Seija wears above.
Kayser; Enka Crepeset nylon. About $11. At Altman's;
Wanamaker's, Phila.; Carson Pirie Scott. All shine and line,
right—Pirrko in shimmery off-white robe, long and sashed
like a man's dressing gown. Vanity Fair; tricot of Qiana.
About $50. Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Bullock's, Downtown.



EWA RUDLING



FINN-LIGHTED—THE GOOD-NIGHT LOOKS



Bias nightdress—sheer pink aired with white lace, far left, above, drifting softly to wrist and thigh. Matej Sherko for Character; Trevira and cotton (Pedigree Fabrics). About $25. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C. Long and snowy as the Finn-fresh spring, far left, below, a perfect dream of pure white embroidery and batiste. By Sylvia Pedlar for Iris, in Swiss cotton. About $30. At Bonwit Teller; Bullock's-Wilshire. Night's littlest wrap-up, centre left, tied just under the bosom, legs swinging long and free. By Gossard-Artemis, in blue Antron nylon. About $11. At Abraham & Straus; Hudson's; Sanger-Harris. Taken for its side effects, near left—a bit of pink toga edged in lace and slashed open over a tiny bikini. From the Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform, in Enka Crepeset nylon tricot. About $11. At Altman's; Rich's; The Denver.

EWA RUDLING



GOOD LOOKS ON FINN-LIT NIGHTS

Falling plums on sheer white, above—a plummy wild-life-print robe ribboned way up high over its own little nightdress. By Saramae, in Kodel and cotton. About $20. Best & Co.; Joseph Magnin. Green as a lime, cool as one too, left, a mere wisp of colour, sleeves, and handkerchief-pointed hem. By Sans Souci, in Stevetex georgette tricot by Stevens, of Du Pont nylon. About $13. Altman's. Short as forty winks, wrapping like a dream, right, a shining yellow robe with open shirt collar and long shirt sleeves. Good-nighter by Henson Kickernick, in Qiana nylon. About $32. At Altman's. The nightdress of shifting lengths, opposite page, yellow as sunlight, sheer as air, with an uneven hemline, slashed and blowing at every step or turn. By Eve Stillman, in Du Pont crêpe georgette nylon. About $26. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin.

EWA RUDLING







Well ordered, exact, superbly detailed, and alive with fantaisie

Valentino's ROMAN ROOF-TOP

To his two-storey penthouse on top of a small palazzo in Rome, Valentino, the Italian designer whose soft-spoken perfectionist clothes are as noted in this country as they are in his, has brought the best of Italian workmanship to shape a place of romantic surprises and no accidents. From the fit of fabrics on walls and cushions to the metal bindings on doors, the rooms have a correctness, an authority of detail that raise voluptuous outbursts of fantasy to a new order. Valentino's challenge was to beat, inside his apartment, the unbeatable outside: the view—the splendid, stretching red-ochre view of the roofs of Rome, the amazing sky with its starts of swallows. Working with the architects-designers of Studio GS, taking from the old, the new, the bold, the muted, setting no limits but the strictness of his eye, Valentino designed a live-in Valentino. IN A ROOF-TENT, above, Valentino has summer lunches and dinners. Against the roof's terra-cotta colours he played yellow sailcloth, a green splurge of potted plants and vines, the sharp whites of a classic sculpture and geometrically precise furniture, the chairs copied from Oriental ones. IN A TURQUERIE TENT, right, forming a glowing alcove off the coolly white and brown living room, the swathes of linen are printed with a design copied from a book of Persian art, the colours Valentino's choosing. Shining metal tables, square white planting boxes edged with chrome sharpen the opulence of pillows in linen and Indian silk, of leopard-skin rugs.

HORST



Silver and silks at Valentino's

In his apartment where Valentino left nothing to accident, it is no accident that clothes designed by Valentino look supremely right. Photographed in his indoor tent room, right, Vivianne and Christiana, looking slightly like heroines of a Valentino (Rudolph) movie in silk print Turquerie coats worn with swashes of turbans and lashings of jewels. Valentino, left, was photographed in his small library on a sofa covered in white-plus-white dress fabric and fake-zebra pillows, wearing a caftan he designed. SILVER BOUILLABAISSE, above, in the dining room: a still life of silver Portuguese fish, langoustes, and fruit heaped on a silver dish on a glass table.

Both Valentino turnouts of Polidori printed silks. At Martha; to order at I. Magnin. Jewellery: Coppola & Toppo, Kenneth Lane.

HENRY CLARKE



Studies in hot and cool at Valentino's

In its details, its precise attentions to proportions, the living room of this Roman penthouse, above, is a study in subtleties: beautifully fitted near-white fabric on the walls; whipped-white carpeting; white Tibetan wool on chairs. The polished metal fireplace was designed, as was much of the furniture, by Stefano Mantovani. At the end of the room, a painting by Dorazio. On the low table near a sofa in Valentino's favoured bitter brown, a rockery of red and white coral. Opposite page, far left, top: In the guest room, walled and hung in a lush print designed by Valentino, a Spanish bed and a painting of Napoleon's son "le roi de Rome" strictly framed in steel. Far left, below: In the dining room lined with Chinese-red fabric, Louis XV Genoese chairs surround a glass-and-metal table by Alessandro Albrizzi. Against one wall, a Venetian Chinoiserie figure; on another, a 1963 Perilli painting. Left, top: In Valentino's bedroom with blue fabric walls, a beige leather sofa-bed with a mink throw and cushions designed by Valentino stands in front of a metal-edged black lacquer screen. On either side, pairs of Ch'ien Lung vases and Chinese ancestor portraits. Left, centre: From the library with its black alligator table, seventeenth-century rock crystal objects, and zebra rug, a view of the terrace. Left, below: In the library, one of Fontana's slashed paintings.

HORST



JOHN CHAMBERLAIN'S ENVIRONMENTS

Here, photographed in the Lo Giudice Gallery in Chicago, the recent one-man show of new John Chamberlain sculpture with the artist shown seated and standing. In the foreground, large polyurethane foam pieces; in the background, metal ones.

John Chamberlain, at the age of 43, is securely established as a first-rate sculptor who pursues an independent course. During the '50's and '60's he worked with found metal objects—often automobile parts—crushed, moulded, and welded them into forms which, somehow, give a sense of softness and flexibility. A California sojourn introduced him to bright iridescent automobiles and he began to paint his sculptures with shiny industrial paints. This added a new dimension to his work, while relieving the pieces of rust or any reference to nostalgia. Always involved in the search for new experiences, new dimensions of thought, he began making films in early 1969, has completed three: *The Secret Life of Hernando Cortes, Wide Point*—shown on seven screens with seven projectors—and now, *Thumbsuck*. He has left found objects to work with tied foam and with punched and crumpled galvanized steel. The tied foam shapes, sensual and irresistibly touchable, led him into the cutting of giant blocks of foam, creating an even greater involvement between the artist and his material. He calls these pieces "Participation."



John Chamberlain's white foam sculpture, like all of his work, defies easy analysis, for these pieces involve the owner in the process of a continuing creation. They are to live inside, to lie on, sit on, and to enjoy. Gradually the foam turns brown, the shape adapting itself to the owner's shape and usage. To relax with head down and feet up is to float on a cloud. One person may sprawl, several sit comfortably. $1,700 to $2,000, to order from the Lo Giudice Gallery, 210 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

MAURICE HOGENBOOM







PORTMANTEAU: Aficionados of the D. D. and Leslie Tillett hand-printed fabrics, shirts, dresses, and delightful objects are swarming into their new shop. It blazes with colour like a garden . . . hot pinks, clear yellows, spring greens. The Tillett magic of three-dimensional prints in intense saturations of colour is available now to all. Bolts of fabric on walls, scrimshaw, pillows in baskets, fabric "things" fill the country-fresh Portmanteau, 43 E. 80th St., N. Y. *Shown left:* A patchwork of prints on fine duck, 36″ wide, $36 yd. Narwhale-tusk cheese knife, $10. *Top right:* Blank-books covered in printed duck. Large, $6; small, $3. *Centre:* Scrimshaw objects include carved whale-tooth pin cushions, $20 ea.; seashells on silk ribbon, $20; whale teeth mounted in silver, $25 ea.; whale-tooth salt dish, $20; pillboxes, $20 ea.; whale-tooth clips for bills, $20 ea. *Right:* Down-filled pillow made to order in any silk print, ribbon-bound, $35. Matte, non-sticky, vinyl-coated printed duck, 48″ wide, $20 yd.



DAVID MASSEY

A CALIFORNIA IDEA: Here, new wallpaper designs by the talented young Los Angeles designer Jay Steffy, who won the 1969 S. M. Hexter award for the Room of The Year and the Burlington House award for the Best Young Designer of 1969. The wallpapers, to order in any colour combinations, reflect his feeling about the mood and scale needed for today's rooms. The three, below, are printed on silver foil. *Left:* Squares, perhaps in brown, khaki, black, and mustard. *Centre:* Palladium, very trompe l'oeil in yellow and black on silver. *Right:* Parallels, a smash in purple, orange, red, hot pink. $22.50 a roll. Kirk-Brummel, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10021.



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

London: The girls are all wearing **long ankle-clearing skirts**—they're on every rack and every back. And **lovely long trailing shawls**—and **laced boots. . . . Colour seems to have gone to the head.** Fascinating how suddenly one sees everywhere **chestnut and auburn hair. . . .** The girls like Zandra Rhodes add streaks of glorious colour—emerald green, magenta—shooting through the chestnut—they're put in with water tints by Daniel at Leonards. . . . **Makeup is full of colour,** girls rouging their cheeks, up, around, over the eyebrows with wonderfully melded apricot, peach, violet-y tones. Then the eyes really rimmed, circled, in strong colours of emerald, violet, with little dots of gold or silver. This is for day. . . . **A lot of shorter-cut hair**—no longer than to the chin line—some girls wear it chopped uneven, straight, like a luxurious porcupine. Startling, especially with coloured streaks. . . . **Suède painted with gold-and-silver designs**—particularly well done by Janet Ibbotson in her leather boutique, 7 Pond Place. . . . Or bright happy colours painted on red, green, or lacquer-blue leather by Pablo and Delia for Mr. Fish, 17 Clifford Street. . . . **Appliqués continue**—little happy scenes of trees, clouds, sunny days, stars, appliquéd in leather on leather by Laura Jamison, or leather on suède by David Elliott on the back of men's duck

(Continued on page 161)

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CHARLES TRACY

In the street—a pretty girl's skirt is—

1. *Long and soft.* And fluid—as ***Vicky Howard*** wears it in Paris this spring. And she wraps her head with a matching scarf of the pale-blue silk splashed with black flowers . . . tosses a black shawl about her shoulders. . . . Everything by Sonia Rykiel, 6 rue de Grenelle, Paris, or dress, $75, Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .

2. *Short, short,* because that's the way ***Vicky Howard*** also likes to dress—and when she's in the mood Sonia Rykiel's short little slip of printed crêpe georgette is it—worn with dark stockings, slippers. And a small wrapped head. Dress by Sonia Rykiel, 6 rue de Grenelle, Paris. $90. Henri Bendel in New York. . . .

3. *Here and there.* This is the skirt all the girls in New York love—it's a traditional Peruvian poncho, all loose and handwoven alpaca in camel, cream, black, brown designs—and you keep slipping it down till it rests on your hips—makes a nice undulating uneven midi hemline. Must be worn with boots. But the rest of the look is up to you. These Peruvian poncho aficionadas, left to right, ***Sandy Robinson, Diana Pratt, Meg Neuhaus, Esperanza Diaz, Sharon Harts*** got their ponchos, imported by Odyssey, $19; Henri Bendel.

4. *A culotte*—but snipped off at the top of the calf. And worn with a big fringed shawl—both of navy-blue wool jersey. Add a cranberry ribbed knit sweater, navy stockings, and solid shoe—it's a fabulous look on ***Jean Shrimpton.*** Whole outfit designed by Sonia Rykiel, 6 rue de Grenelle, Paris. Henri Bendel in New York. . . .

More on next page

HORTH





1 2

Twiggy brought her long looks

to New York and they look irresistible here, too. Justin photographed Twiggy at the Russian Tea Room in, **1,** her Beau Brummell evening suit—tomato-red velvet piped in satin—impeccably made by Justin's Savile Road tailor, Tommy Nutter. And, **2,** a remarkable little weskit of patchwork suède, beaded and jewelled. By Bill Gibb of Baccarat, with a midi tartan skirt beautifully cut and pleated to move.

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE

L.A.: The leather lady

Marcia Trinder is one of the great American leather designers—the clothes she makes, by hand and mostly for friends, are extraordinary compositions of colours and shapes placed together. . . . Marcia lives, loves the California life, she has that casual, friendly West Coast approach to the business side of things. . . .

3. ***Marcia*** and her husband, Yippie—Marcia in one of her suède dresses—the colours of the violet end of the rainbow. . . . **4.** ***Peter Fonda*** is in luck. Marcia's a good friend so he can own a lot of her leathers—like this sand-colour suède suit. . . . **5.** Close-up of Marcia and Yippie's belts, hers—sky-blue suède studded with palest-blue stones, huge rhinestone cabochons. His, dark-brown suède with topaz and pale-blue glitter. . . . **6.** ***Minnie Beard*** in a suède tunic—swirling hand-sewn seams blending rainbow colours together, a suède butterfly appliquéd on the hip. . . . **7.** ***Maurice Hogenboom*** has Marcia's body-shirt of fawn-colour suède. . . . **8.** ***Minnie Beard's*** town tailleur, made by Marcia, in ochre suède. . . . **9.** ***Minnie Beard*** is a collector of Marcia suèdes—has this tunic-length jacket of sewn-together suède, a melting pot of colours—of golds, oranges, saffrons. . . . **10.** ***Genevieve Waite,*** the delicious actress, does her morning wake-up stretches in Marcia's suède pants and T-shirt—both laced close—both beigy-smoky colour. . . . **11.** ***Genevieve Waite*** in the coat Marcia made for her of cobalt-blue suède with cross-stitched seams of creamy kid. . . . You can order clothes from Marcia Trinder by writing her at Summer Sunday, 1892 Rising Glen Road, Los Angeles, California 90069.

MAURICE HOGENBOOM


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The way people look

at night these days is just great—individual, special—here, some of the folks who gathered at Halston's to say Happy Birthday to adorable Marisa Berenson . . .


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1. *Naomi Sims* in Halston's barely there, two pieces of crimson crêpe; ***Holly Kristen*** in demure flower-garden chiffon. . . . **2. *Shawn Ryan*** in Indian-patterned white batiste. . . . **3. *Calvin,*** the leather-crafter, in his own design weskit woven of violet, fawn suède, handbag made of scraps and scraps of multicoloured suède. . . . **4. *Halston,*** suave in black ciré. . . . **5. *Marisa*** in Halston's lacquer-red-to-pink panne velvet tie-dye—a tunic ending at the top of the thigh which she wears with mid-thigh high red suède boots, a scarfed head secured with skeins of coloured twine. . . . **6. *Elsa Peretti*** in Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's ankle-length peasant skirt, a bare-back top, her own design silver jewellery, pale-shaded aviator glasses—and a nice weather-honed forest ranger's hat. . . . **7. *The party scene***—everyone lit by dim red bulbs, candle lights, lounging about on Moroccan cushions in Halston's salon. . . .

BERRY BERENSON

Boutique

(Continued from page 156)

cloth coats. . . . **Mr. Freedom is the most amusing new boutique**—dominated by a huge, stuffed, royal-blue fur, black-leather-chested King Kong. Everything for sale—chairs, T-shirts, pants, metal jewellery—is a hoot, decorated with designs of characters from the comic strips. . . . **Snakeskin still everywhere.** . . . Wonderful to see how the **early talents seem now to be so well established,** successful, solid—like Ossie Clarke at Quorum, Foale and Tuffin, Laura Jamison, Granny Takes a Trip. . . . That great bootmaker, **The Chelsea Cobbler, is going to open a New York branch**—expected on E. 55th St. by September. . . . **Everyone looks well, is well, here.** . . .

New York:

Very interesting things going on at Henri Bendel. Where one of the front windows once was, is now a small delightful garden—plants blooming, growing everywhere on white trellis against white lacquered walls.... But, of course, this is a store, so all the plants are for sale. Tony di Pace, the gardener in charge, grows some of them in a greenhouse perched on top of Bendel's. . . . Promises of more changes to come—a whole floor of specially designed everything —shoes, boots, clothes, jewelry etc. . . . Nothing will cost over $100. . . . **Practical advice department: How to keep boots** when they are off the feet and in the closet. First, give them a little stuffing to keep them soldier straight—a rolled up copy of Vogue, one for each boot, is just right. Then put boots in a shopping bag and hang on a hook. That way they're off the floor, and not bumping into your midi skirts. . . .

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Summer stock

By now, every good little *chatelaine* has packed away the cashmeres, the ski poles, and the guanaco coverlet. Even the heady, throbbing perfume you were signalling with all winter is suddenly too warm, too almost stifling for the soft, silky air, the one negligible layer of clothing. So put the sultry fragrances away until November, and make a brilliant splash with Wicker, Matchabelli's floaty, flighty scent. In addition to the cologne, cream sachet, powder, and patterned soap that started Wicker off last year, there's a breezy new After Bath Splash.

Curl talk

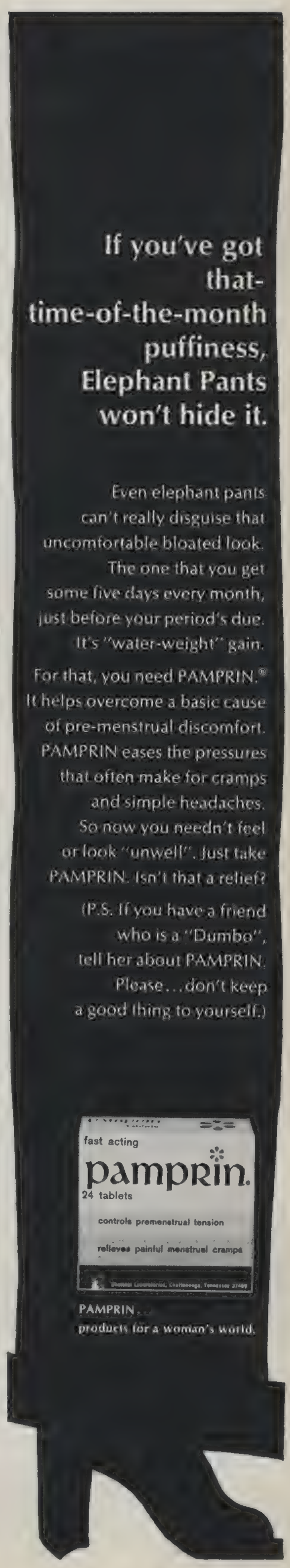
It's about time somebody broke out the Roman candles and laid on a celebration for every time a set of electric rollers turns a shambles into a shape within minutes. And now, to make the shape more secure, Clairol has invented spectacular new Kindness Heat-Activated Conditioner—a protein-enriched body-enhancing spray mist made specifically to put extra endurance into the heat-rolled curl. It couldn't be simpler: you spray each section lightly with Kindness, roll it up, and let the heat set it in the usual trice. The results could be superb.

Beyond the fringe

For those members of the *après-garde*, who are only now discovering the instant beauty of fake lashes, it is mandatory to bear in mind that not every lash is right for every eye, any more than every hairdo is agreeable to every face. Experiment is the essence of allure, and Maybelline has added two very diverse lashes to their natural-hair group: Moonstar Eye Lashes are cunningly trimmed in raggedy points to look guileless and young, and are especially touching on round eyes. The long-lidded girls should be electrifying in Glamour-Fluff Lashes, thick and tangly and plainly meant to fan overheated glances.

Girls in summer tresses

Remember that the proximity of long, hot, golden days tends to enchant the senses, but can burnish the skin and demolish the hair. For those of us whose every lock flattens listlessly beginning in early May, there is only the expertly-administered permanent wave. The new Helene Curtis Take 3 Wave formula incorporates a phenomenal set-up they call STA-Drops, and which, according to the Curtis technicians, will condition your hair and stabilize each step of the wave as it happens, to obviate over-frizzing, fractured ends, and that tiresome softening-up period. Check in at your local beauty shop before the weather sogs up.



Newest for 1970



Midi-length, peplumed coat-dress in silk. Black Dots over White, Turquoise or Cafe-Au-Lait; Navy Dots over White. Sizes 8-14. $185.00.

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THE SHIRTDRESS SPRINTS





Shirt-sprints colour up from sun-up and on, loving where the living is right now, sheltered under a big-up hat, belted and fringed within an ace of their easygoing lives. Pull on a T-shirt dress, above, the slippiest, long-sleeved colour slide of chocolate-brown and white swirls. Terry Morton for Parnes Feinstein. Of Trevira Star (Gianni Cereda fabric). About $55. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joske's, San Antonio. Mr. John hat. Unbutton a shirtdress, left, and let the breezes blow. Navy it is, with red and white and blue lines tacking up and down, left and right. Let the fringe blow, too—wrapped about a waist, strapped over a shoulderbag. Polyester dress by Artemis. About $56. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Navy-blue shoulderbag by Koret. Fringed and braided belts by Elegant.

BERRY BERENSON

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Please allow 6 weeks for change to take effect.

 (Continued from page 95)

He made his escape on the way to the trial

up the hill to the memorial to the American marines killed in the Spanish American War, the town hall. . . . I could see myself landed back at the hotel again, unless I found an excuse.

"You have an old church, San Francisco?" I asked; if such a church existed, surely it would be on the street of that name.

The guess proved correct; there was an old church and it was on the street I wanted. I told my guide that I would find my way back to the hotel—I wanted to pray. Soon my stroll in the cloisters was interrupted by a priest, unfriendly and suspicious; I could hardly explain to him that all I wanted was a little time for my taxi and Negro guide to disappear from sight.

After that began a walk up San Francisco Street in the hot noon sun. The street was as long as Oxford Street in London, and the number I wanted was at the farther end. I had only covered half the distance when a car drew up at my side. It was Mr. X and the *Time* correspondent.

"We have been searching for you everywhere," Mr. X said reproachfully.

I tried to think of an explanation of why I should be walking up this interminable street in the hot sun.

"It is O.K.," Mr. X said. "Completely O.K. I find my own organization has contacted you," so I finished the journey in comfort in the car.

At the house, which was owned by a wealthy bourgeois family of Santiago, were the courier from Havana, her mother, a priest, and a young man who was having his hair dyed by a barber. The young man was a lawyer called Armando Hart who is now the Secretary for Organization of the Communist Party in Cuba. A few days before, he had made his escape from the Law Courts in Havana while he was being taken under military escort to trial. There was a long line of the accused—a soldier at each end. Hart knew the exact point by a lavatory where the corridor turned and where momentarily he would be out of sight of the soldier in front and the soldier behind. He slipped into the lavatory; his friends were waiting in the street outside. His absence was not noted until his name was read in court.

His wife, now known to all Latin America as Haydée Santamaría, was with him in the house, a young haggard creature in those days who looked as if she had been battered into fanaticism by events outside her control. Before she married Hart, she had been affianced to another young Fidelista. He was captured after the attack on the Moncado barracks in Santiago, and she was taken to the prison to be shown his blinded and castrated corpse. (I remembered that story when the wife of the Spanish Ambassador spoke to me of Batista's social charm.)

That was past history. All they were concerned with now were the jet planes which the British were preparing to sell to Batista—they were better informed in this house on San Francisco Street than the British Government, for when, after my return to England, a Labour M.P. at my request asked a question on the subject, he was assured by the Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, that no arms at all were being sold to Batista. Yet some months later, a week or two before Castro entered Havana, the Foreign Secretary admitted that an export license for some out-of-date planes had been granted. At the time he had granted the license he had no information—so he said—that a civil war was in progress in Cuba.

For one observer there was already in Santiago plenty of evidence of civil war. The night after my arrival, three sisters, aged between eight and ten, were seized from their homes by soldiers in the middle of the night. Their father had fled from Santiago and joined Castro in the mountains, so they were taken in their night clothes to the military barracks as hostages.

Next morning I saw the revolution of the children. The news had reached the schools. In the secondary schools the children made their own decision—they left their schools and went on the streets. The news spread. To the infants' schools came the parents and took away their children. The streets were full of them. The shops began to put up their shutters in expectation of the worst. The army gave way and released the three little girls. They could not turn fire hoses on the children in the streets as they had turned them on their mothers or hang them from lampposts as they would have hanged their fathers. What seemed strange to me was that no report of the children's revolt ever appeared in *Time*—yet their correspondent was in the city with me, but perhaps Henry Luce had not yet made up his mind between Castro and Batista.

And the British Government? The civil war was still invisible as far as the Foreign Office was concerned. But by the time of my next visit to Havana—the very time when the export license for planes was granted—the civil war was sufficiently in evidence to confine me to Havana. Not even by plane could I visit Santiago. Indeed, I was unable to travel more than a hundred kilometres from Havana—no taxi driver would accept the risk of ambush, for not even the main roads were secure. By that time I had finished *Our Man in Havana*. I had no regrets. It seemed to me that either the Foreign Office or the Intelligence Services had amply merited a little ridicule.

Alas, the book did me no good with the new rulers in Havana. In poking fun at the British Secret Service, I had minimized the terror of Batista's rule.

(Continued on page 165)

What's worse, turning 30 or looking it?

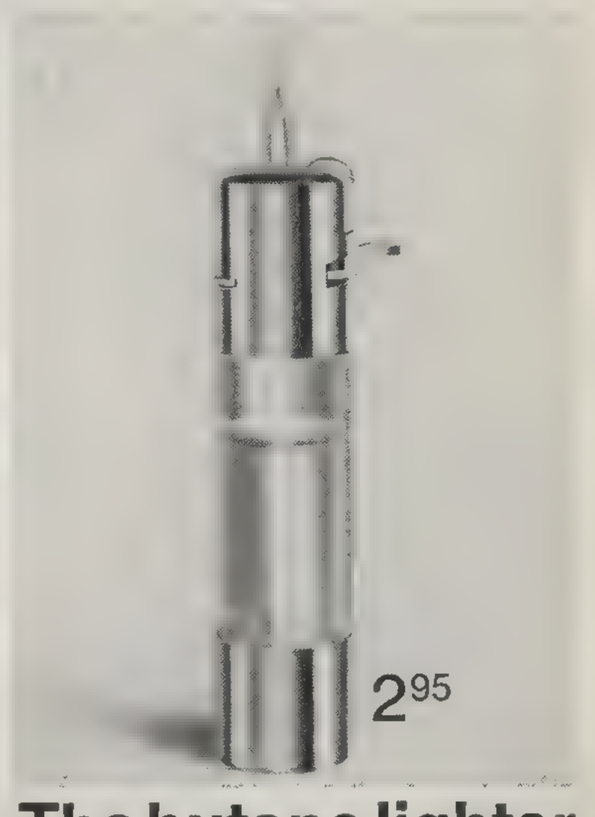
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FINNISH DELIGHT

(Continued from page 127)

to be left out—including most of the foreign press, whose offended letters are one of the President's Adjutant's winter nightmares—because the salons of the Presidential Palace, a lovely beige palazzo on Helsinki's Market Square, are too small to contain *everyone* who counts.

"We perspire, we yawn, we wait on line from handshake to coffee-and-cake, and women take hours to reclaim their galoshes," said a young poet, who looks as belligerent and un-European in his Swedish army-surplus sheepskin coat as one of the Fenni Tacitus described nineteen centuries ago. He seemed as proud of the President's invitation as any member of the Establishment. Many of those at the reception most probably meet again on early morning strolls in the park of Seurasaari, where President Kekkonen walks his dogs completely undisturbed with only an occasional and reciprocated hat lifting. For, except for the Presidential reception, which may be something of a social hurdle, little else in Finnish public life is. At the Presidential Palace, the Head of the Chancellory—though he wears a morning coat, striped pants, and a red silk tie in his office—answers his own telephone extension. The first person who stopped me when I entered the palazzo wanted just to hang up my coat.

Important travellers, together with foreign correspondents, diplomats, and spies, traditionally lodge when they go to Helsinki at the hotel Marski, whose bar, thanks to them, looks like a set in a John Le Carré spy novel. But I couldn't find a room at the Marski. Not only was it the thick of *kamos*, it was also the time of the first phase of the SALT [Strategic Arms Limitation Talks] conference. The international press stayed there, and both the Russian delegation and the Americans paraded through for drinks. I stayed at the Grand Hotel, which is also beautiful, even if instead of *The New York Times* or the *Pravda* correspondent, the gentleman at the next table is most likely a West- or East-German businessman. "Learn the language of your enemy," goes an old Finnish proverb. But the Finns these days seem to *have* no enemy. After six-and-a-half centuries of Swedish government, one century of Russian, a nightmarish Nazi experience, and at least one town, Rovaniemi, *totally* destroyed at the end of World War II, Finland is friendly with everyone in the world: She is a member of the Nordic Council with Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden; shares profitable trade relations with the Soviet Union, the United States, Japan; and has regular diplomatic ties with Communist China.

The Grand Hotel has an extraordinary view of the entire Helsinki harbour, from the porcelain-blue cranes that swing like giant nodding skeletons to the persimmon tents of the Fish Market; from the copper dome of the Cathedral and the gilded onion-like bulb that tops the Russian Orthodox Church to the chubby ferryboat to Suomenlinna, anchored across the square from the Presidential Palace. If I leaned over the terrace balustrade, I could even see the contours of Suomenlinna, the Swedish fortress off the harbour, once so formidable, now a ghostly cluster of frozen islets joined by slippery bridges, scattered with dried-blood-red ruins, fading-pink military barracks with soldiers in grey uniforms seemingly wandering in and out of doorless vaults. *Kamos* and fog must have been distorting my vision. Suomenlinna, according to a Helsinki guidebook, has a restaurant, outdoor cafés. . . . So, once and for all: The best solution to this sirocco of the north, in case you can not afford to loaf with your friends and drink the fading day and long night away—or if you want to clear up your head—is the sauna.

"I can't wait to stop driving and go into my sauna," yawned a taxi driver after radioing his headquarters to phone his wife to wait and sauna with him.

"Would you like to visit my new sauna?" asked The Honourable Urho Kekkonen, President of the Republic of Finland.

"Do you care to join us for a sauna party on Saturday?" Certainly I cared to join the high-cheekboned, lovely Helsinkian and her women friends at her *savusauna*, an authentic country smoke sauna, on her island, Norkulla, instead of waiting for my turn at the electrically heated, anonymous hotel sauna. My hostess's husband had spent the whole morning preparing the birch fire for our sauna klatch. He greeted us briefly, then put on a huge Icelandic sweater, mumbling he had work to do on the boat. When we passed the dock barefoot and draped in towels on our way to the sauna and later, when we came out, naked, steaming, and laughing, for the plunge into the fjord, he kept his face modestly averted from us. Perhaps the sauna *is* as holy as a church.

The sauna might be unhealthy, it may dry out the skin and give you a realistic imitation of a heart attack, but I find it so perfectly, so shamelessly hedonistic that I don't care. And, at Norkulla, everything was perfect: the aromatic heavy air, the quiet semi-darkness, the sudden sprouting of perspiration beads all over the motionless bodies, the incandescent mound of black, smooth stones. . . . On top of the stones we spread sausages to grill, and we ate them steaming hot with cold beer after the sauna. Some of the beer we brought into the sauna, and when the beer became too warm to drink, we splashed it over the stones where it hissingly evaporated, releasing a scent more heady than incense. Everything was soothing, languid—except for the final jump into the icy water. That, my hostess agreed, was a little too much for a non-Finn.

One thing I missed, of course, was the miracle that is the Finnish summer—the nineteen-hour-long days, the swimming, the sailing in the Gulf of Finland, salmon fishing in island-studded rivers. water skiing on one among thousands of lakes, the "blue eyes" of Finland. One can rent a whole deserted island for oneself. To choose the right island, the best thing is, first, to get an aerial view of it on a sunny day in spring from a water plane, then fly down, land close to it on water, deplane, and have a picnic.

Naturally, if you haven't rented an entire island and even if you have, sometimes in the middle of a weekend of seagulls, sun, wind, and nirvana, one might experience what for a Finn is the horrible spectacle of a whole family disembarking for a picnic, and maybe even setting up a portable sauna: a tiny stove, a canvas tent, a bagful of stones, a pail and a ladle—it all fits in a car trunk. Finnish soldiers carry saunas with their military gear.

A vivacious, good-looking textile designer and her husband, a painter, who live on an isolated farm a few miles from Rovaniemi—Finnish Lapland's secluded capital on the Arctic Circle—in the summer leave for "some peace and solitude in the north." These are not exceptions: They represent their countrymen's appetite for woods and water, their individualism, their sense of personal independence so strong as to amount almost to brusqueness. And whether Finns hate their winter or not, whether they yield to *kamos* or pretend it doesn't exist, whether they flee to villas in Spain or hibernate at home, they seem free from the frustrations common to other modern nations, plagued with over-population, ever-growing treeless macropolises. The forest of Finland is not a wild gloomy presence: It's the hospitable extension of the garden—birches and pines grow to the edge of airports, modern factories, housing complexes. Once winter's "armour of ice" begins to melt and it is no longer necessary to brave the climate, *every* Finn starts searching for his deserted island, for his own solitude.

A country where a student can be elected to Parliament, a twenty-three-year-old girl can produce her own television program, where factories, hospitals, dormitories are beautiful *and* functional, a country that guards its wildlife down to the last lynx would be a *sunshine* place even if it had a twelvemonth winter.

They can't turn fire hoses on children

I had not wanted too black a background for a lighthearted comedy, but those who had suffered during the years of dictatorship could hardly be expected to appreciate that my real subject was the absurdity of the British agent and not the justice of the revolution, nor did my aesthetic reasons for changing a Captain Ventura into a Captain Segura appeal to them.

A postscript to history: Captain Ventura escaped from Cuba by holding up his own President at the point of a gun. President Batista intended to leave him behind like the last drop in a glass, a sacrifice to the gods. But Ventura arrived on the airfield at Havana and forced Batista to disgorge some of his baggage to make room for him. They must have made an uneasy couple, those two, in the hotel in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, where Ventura spent long hours playing the fruit machines.

Enough of Cuban politics. Wormold has no origin that I can recognize, but another character, the elegant Hawthorne, owes a little, in his more imaginative flights, to an officer in the same Service who was at one time my chief. C's black monocle, too, was not imaginary, though his fashion of cooking by telephone belongs, I think, to a famous predecessor, Admiral Hall.

The character Hasselbacher came into my life on another island. Baron Schacht, a friend of the writer Norman Douglas, had a tiny apartment above a restaurant in Capri. A big, sad, gentle man, he had lived there in poverty ever since the end of the First World War. He used to be tormented by the smell of cooking from the restaurant below, for he had an enormous appetite and no means to assuage it. He lived mainly on pasta and herbs gathered on Monte Solaro. In the early 'fifties the Adenauer Government suddenly recognized his existence and granted him a small pension. It was the end of him. He was a generous man and suddenly he had found himself able to return hospitality. One August evening, after a long swim and too much wine, he suffered a stroke and was found dead at his bedside. I arrived on the island next day and joined the little procession which followed the coffin to the Protestant cemetery. The police wished to seal up his rooms with all their contents, but after some argument I obtained permission to put his *pickelhaube* helmet and his white Uhlan gloves on the coffin. He had loved his uniform, and, like Hasselbacher, every year on the Kaiser's birthday he would put on his uniform and drink to the Emperor's memory. (I don't know how he got into his breastplate, for the years had not dealt lightly with his figure.) Like Hasselbacher, too, he had a photograph hanging in his tiny hall which showed Kaiser Wilhelm II on a white horse inspecting his troop of Uhlans, and I remember Baron Schacht saying to me, years before Hasselbacher made the same comment: "It was all so peaceful."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our Man in Havana *is one of the first four of Graham Greene's books to be republished in England jointly by Bodley Head and William Heinemann in a series called Collected Editions. Greene's seriously funny new book,* Travels with My Aunt, *published there and in the United States, is moving fast in both countries.*

NOTE: *Through a mistake in the March 1, 1970, issue of Vogue the remarkable photograph of Andy Warhol with two of his stars had either no photographic credit or was credited to Bert Stern. It should, of course, have been credited to Cecil Beaton. We deeply regret this error.*

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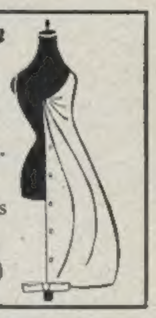
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During his fifty years of experience in the practice of medicine, IRWIN MAXWELL STILLMAN, M.D., D-IM, has helped millions of over-weight men and women to reduce. A Diplomate in Internal Medicine, Dr. Stillman is presently a consultant in Internal Medicine at Coney Island Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. Formerly, he was an attending physician in Medicine at Coney Island Hospital and at Harbour Hospital, a Fellow of the American College of Angiology, and a Fellow of the American Geriatric Society. Dr. Stillman received a gold diploma from the New York Medical College in 1968.

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